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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

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THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION *of*

CHOICE SONGS,

AND

LYRICK POEMS:

With the BASSES *to each* TUNE, *and Tranſpos'd for the* FLUTE.

By the moſt Eminent MASTERS.

Behold and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the yielding Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes did firſt inſpire. *Waller.*

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

LONDON:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-Office *in* Wild-Court *near* Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M DCC XXXI.

ADVOCATES LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

I HAVE now compleated this COLLECTION *in Six Volumes, according to my former Promiſe; wherein are ſuch a Variety of* NEW TUNES *by the moſt Eminent Maſters, that I doubt not but it will meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick, that hath receiv'd the Firſt Four Volumes with ſo much Indulgence.*

It is highly incumbent on me to return my hearty Thanks to all

thoſe GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES *who have from time to time furniſh'd me with their Compoſitions; and alſo to thoſe* MASTERS *who have given me their Aſſiſtance in Setting them to Muſick, without which I muſt have miſcarry'd in my Deſign.*

J. W.

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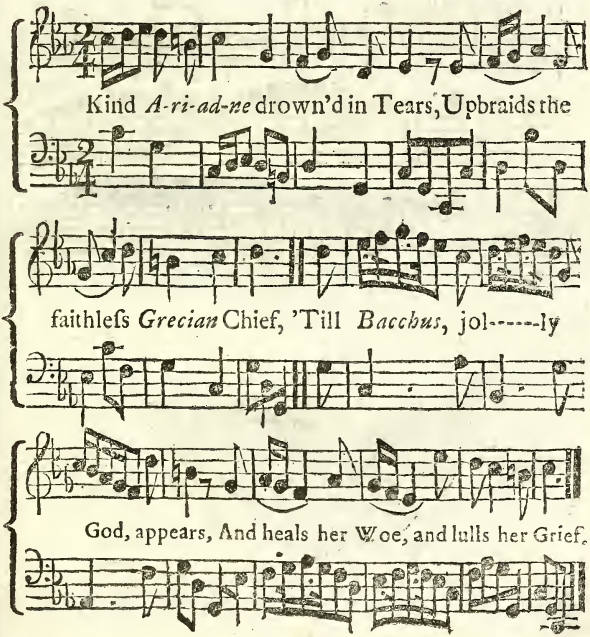

Kind *A-ri-ad-ne* drown'd in Tears, Upbraids the
faithless *Grecian* Chief, 'Till *Bacchus*, jol------ly
God, appears, And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

Awhile she tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;
But tired at length with fruitless Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

GOOD ADVICE

To a YOUNG LADY *about to marry an* OLD MAN.

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

If you, by fordid Views mis-led, Pre--fer old
Gripus to your Bed, You'll bit--ter-ly la-
ment it; For Twenty ne'er did Fifty wed,
But both did soon re-------pent it.

His Peeviſhneſs, and Thirſt of Gain,
Wou'd of each *China* Cup complain;
Each Ribbon, Patch, and Pinner;
And * *Tit*, and * *Brisk*, muſt ne'er again
Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundleſs Jealouſy,
He'd to each random Word apply
Some baſe Interpretation;
Each meanleſs Smile, or caſual Sigh,
Wou'd be an Aſſignation.

Or tho' you're from theſe Torments free,
Indulg'd all Day in Viſits, Tea,
And all that you petition;
Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be
But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments ſhun,
And vainly boaſt what Feats were done,
When he was Young and Mighty;
But now, alas! thoſe Days are gone,
And ſo, my Dear, Good-Night t'ye.

But if, by Inclination led,
A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,
No Cares by Day will teaze ye;
At Night ſuch Joys will bleſs your Bed,
As cannot fail to pleaſe ye.

While

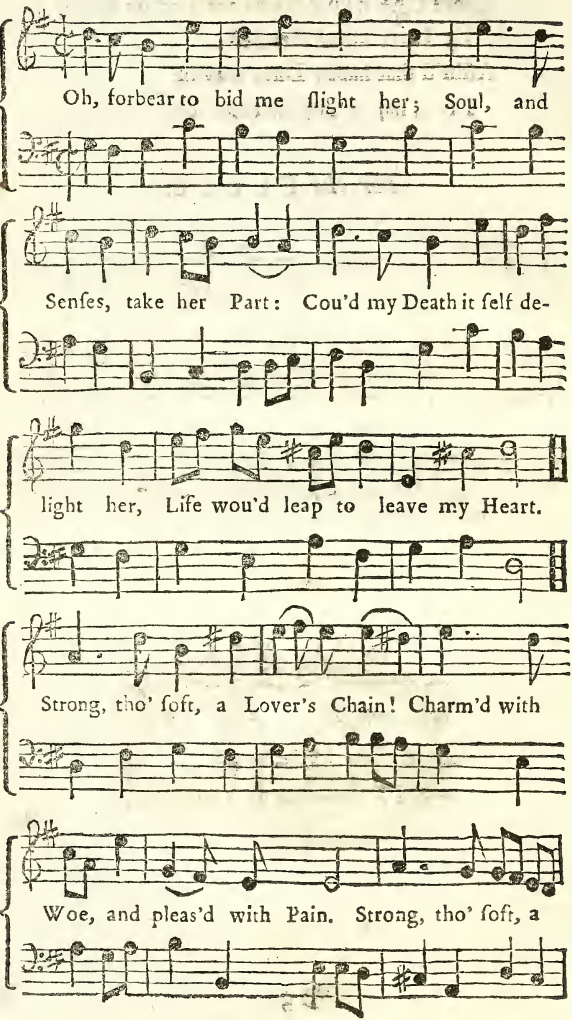
* *A favourite* Cat *and* Dog.

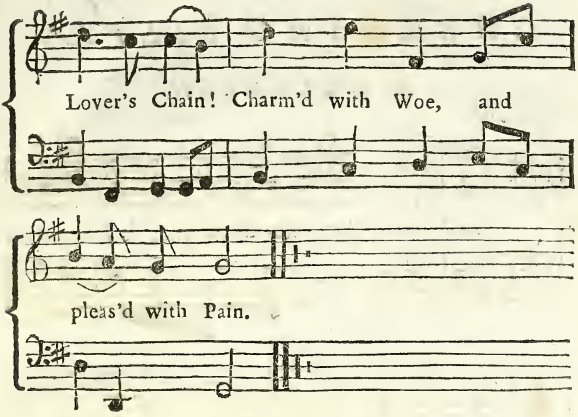
While therefore you to chuſe are free,
Chuſe One whoſe Years with yours agree,
By Love alone directed;
Aſſur'd that happy Days may be
From happy Nights expected.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by *AARON HILL*, Esq;

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.


Oh, forbear to bid me flight her; Soul, and
Senſes, take her Part: Cou'd my Death it ſelf de-
light her, Life wou'd leap to leave my Heart.
Strong, tho' ſoft, a Lover's Chain! Charm'd with
Woe, and pleas'd with Pain. Strong, tho' ſoft, a



Tho' the tender Flame were dying,
Love wou'd light it at her Eyes;
Or, her tuneful Voice applying,
Through my Ear, my Soul ſurprize.
Deaf, I *ſee* the Fate I ſhun!
Blind, I *hear*---and am undone!

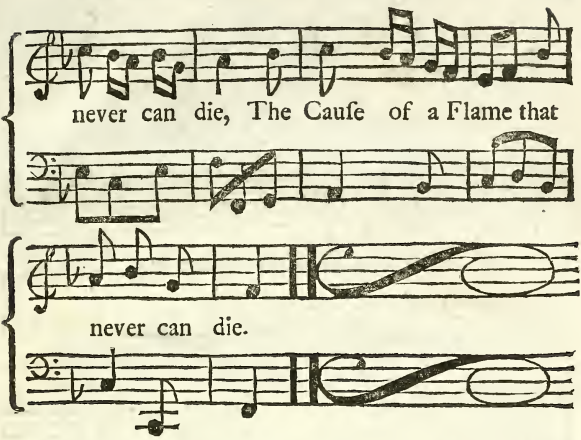
For the FLUTE.

CHARMING *SILVIA.*

Set by Dr. *GREEN.*

Not too fast.

The Nymph that un--does me, is fair and un-
kind; No leſs than a Wonder by Nature de-
ſign'd; She's the Grief of my Heart, the
Joy of my Eye, And the Cauſe of a Flame that
never



Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe;
Love and *Deſtiny* both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

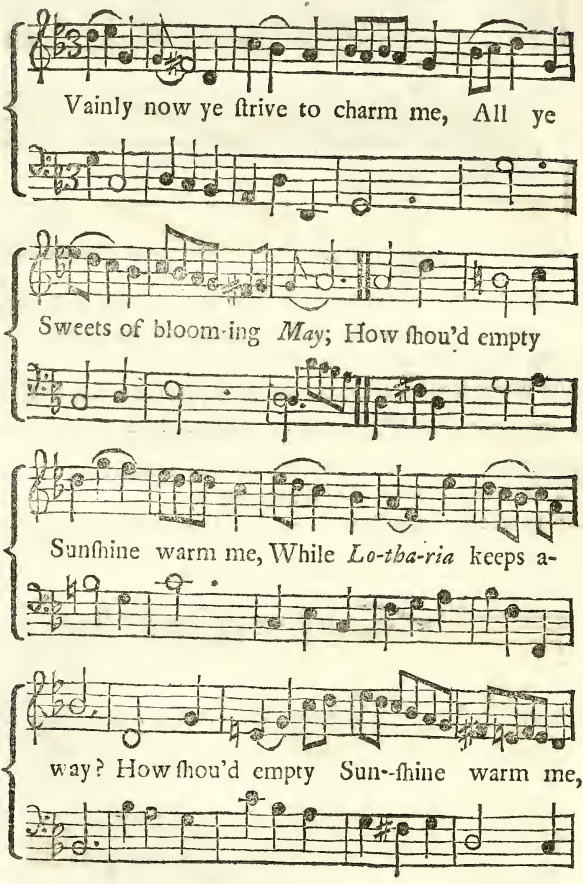
The deſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Exceſs:
In *Silvia* they meet; ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

For the FLUTE.

LOTHARIA.

The Words by AARON HILL, Esq;

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.


Vainly now ye ſtrive to charm me, All ye
Sweets of bloom-ing *May*; How ſhou'd empty
Sunſhine warm me, While *Lo-tha-ria* keeps a-
way? How ſhou'd empty Sun-ſhine warm me,

While

Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye Clouds, the ſmiling Sky:
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me;
Softer Sunſhine fills her Eye.
Sweeter Notes, *&c.*

For the FLUTE.

An O D E.

Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELLO.*

No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town To ex-
pect either Plea--ſure or Reſt; To Hurry and
Nonſenſe ſtill ty----ing us down; 'Tis an over-grown
Priſon at beſt, 'Tis an over-grown Priſon at beſt.

From

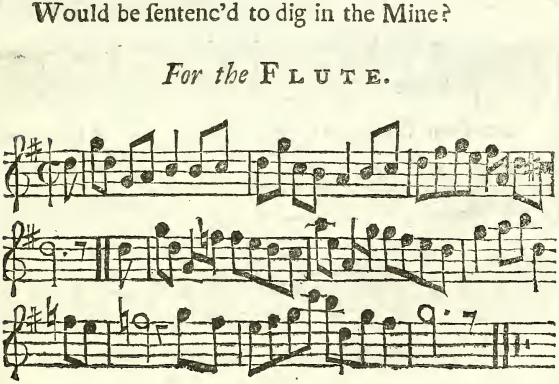
From hence to the Country eſcaping away,
Leave the Crowd and the Buſtle behind;
And then you'll ſee liberal Nature diſplay
A thouſand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seaſons, the Sports of the Fields,
The ſweetly diverſify'd Scene;
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields
A Chearfulneſs ever ſerene.

Here, here, from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly ſpend!
Whilſt the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
May gather up Wealth without end.

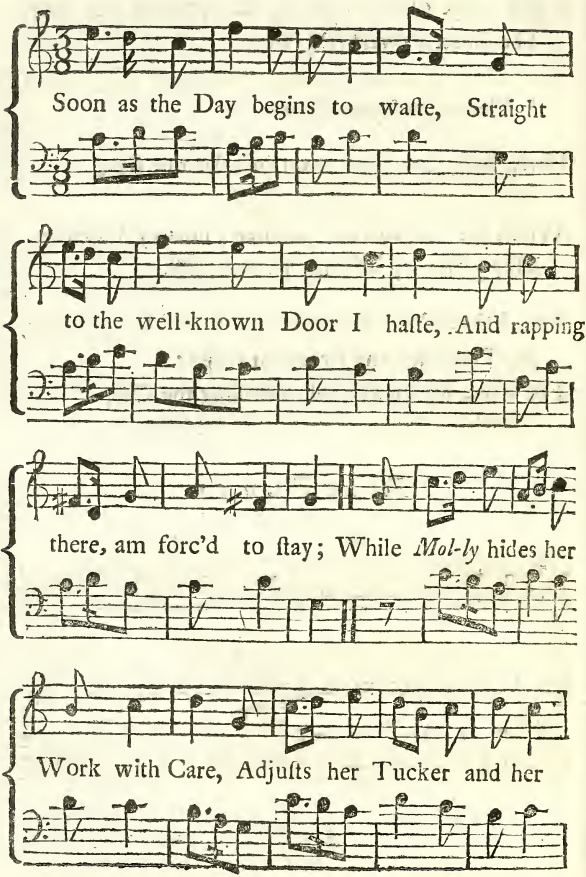
No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom reſign:
For who, for the ſake of poſſeſſing the Ore,
Would be ſentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

For the FLUTE.



The CONSTANT SWAIN, *and* VIRTUOUS MAID.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*


Soon as the Day begins to waſte, Straight
to the well-known Door I haſte, And rapping
there, am forc'd to ſtay; While *Mol-ly* hides her
Work with Care, Adjuſts her Tucker and her

Hair,

N. B. *The Second Part of this Tune is Baſs to the Firſt, and the Firſt Part is Baſs to the Second.*

Ent'ring, I ſee in *Molly*'s Eyes
A ſudden ſmiling Joy ariſe,
As quickly check'd by Virgin Shame:
She drops a Curt'ſey, ſteals a Glance,
Receives a Kiſs, one Step advance;
If ſuch I love, am I to blame?

I ſit and talk of twenty Things,
Of *South-Sea* Stock, or Deaths of Kings,
While only *Yes*, or *No*, crys *Molly*:
As cautious ſhe conceals her Thoughts,
As others do their private Faults,
Is this her Prudence, or her Folly?

Parting, I kiſs her Lip and Cheek,
I hang about her ſnowy Neck,
And ſay, *Farewel, my deareſt Molly*:
Yet ſtill I hang, and ſtill I kiſs;
Ye learned Sages, ſay, Is this
In me th' Effect of Love, or Folly?

No:

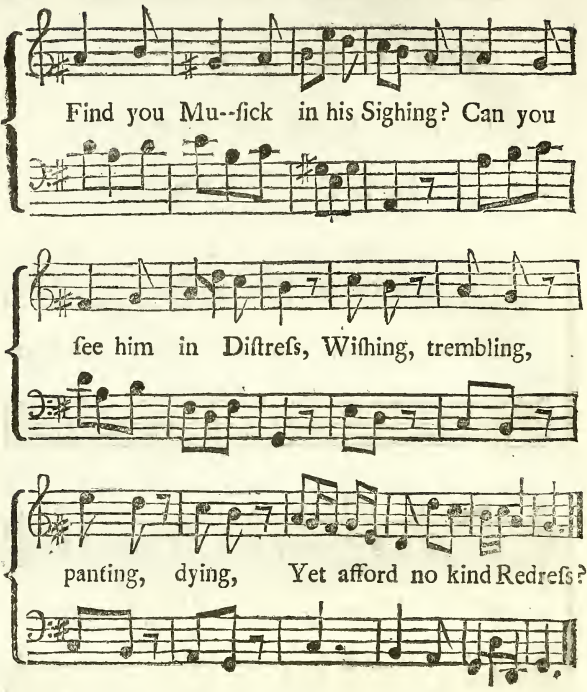
No: Both by ſober Reaſon move,
She Prudence ſhews, and I true Love:
No Charge of Folly can be laid:
Then, 'till the Marriage-Rites proclaim'd
Shall joyn our Hands, let us be nam'd,
The *Conſtant Swain*, and *Virtuous Maid*.

For the FLUTE.

TRUE LOVE.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

Set by Dr. *GREEN.*



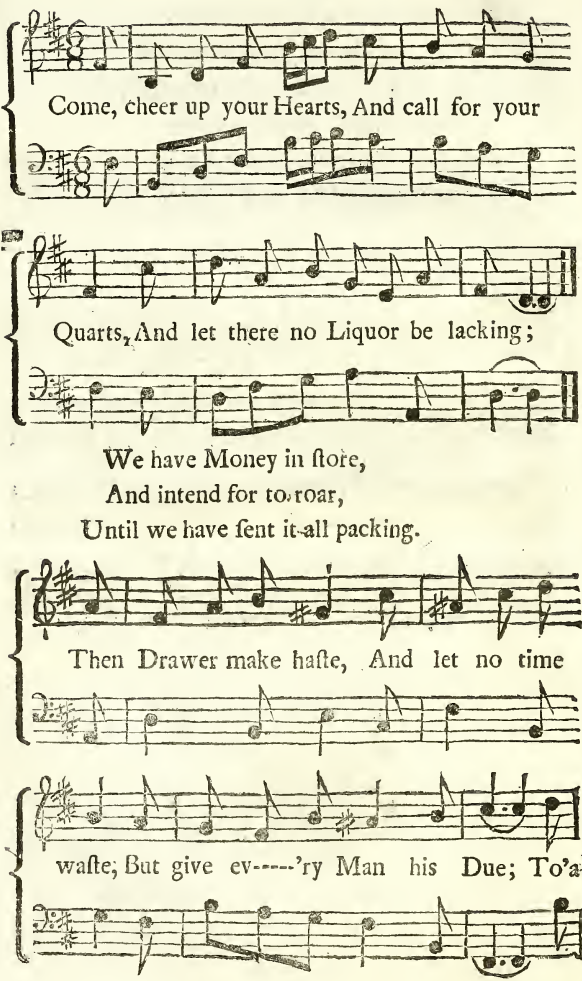
Strephon, mov'd by lawleſs Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues:
All his Flame is out of Faſhion!
Ancient Honour for him woes!
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition:
But, if That is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition----
Say, at leaſt, you do not hate.

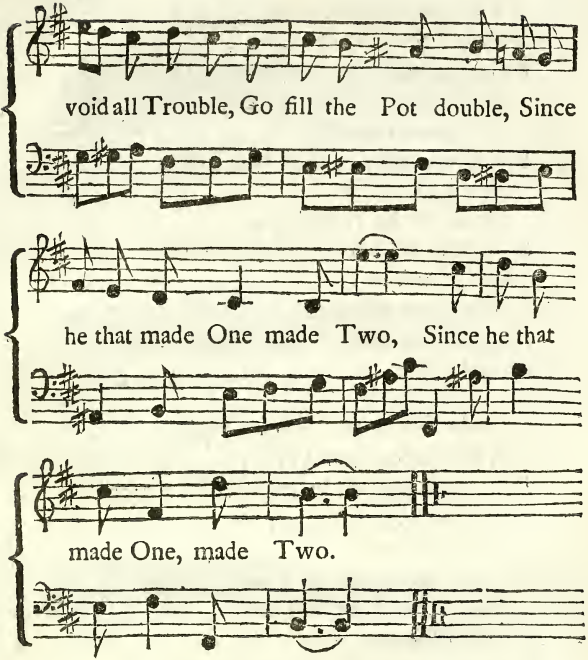
Shou'd

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Arts of Guile,
Slight ſo true and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not *Strephon* ſmile?
Yes. Well-pleas'd at thy Undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid.
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a ſilent Shade.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*


Come, cheer up your Hearts, And call for your
Quarts, And let there no Liquor be lacking;
We have Money in ſtore,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have ſent it all packing.
Then Drawer make haſte, And let no time
waſte; But give ev-----'ry Man his Due; To'a-



Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine,
'Tis that makes a Man to ſpeak truly;
What Sot can refrain,
Or daily complain,
That he, in his Drink, is unruly:
Then drink, and be civil,
Intending no Evil,
If that you'll be ruled by me;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Two, made Three,

The old Curmudgeon,
Sits all the Day drudging
At home, with brown Bread and ſmall Beer;
With ſcraping damn'd Pelf,
He ſtarveth himſelf,
Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:
But we'll not do ſo,
Howe'er the World go,
Since that we have Money in ſtore;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Three, made Four.
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine;
D'ye think that I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?
My Reck'ning I'll pay,
Ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as *Paul*'s Church.
Tho' ſome Men will ſay,
This is not the way
For us, in this World, to thrive;
'Tis no matter for that,
Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he that made Four, made Five.
Since he, &c.

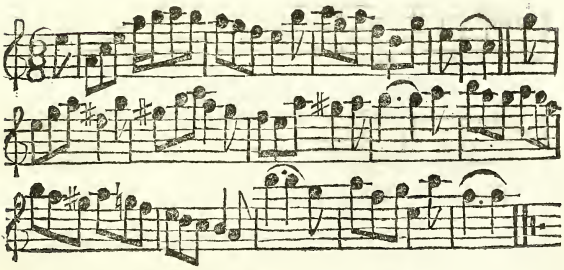
A Pox of old *Charon*,
His Brains are all barren,
His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;
But we are for Wine,
'Tis a Drink more divine,
Without it we periſh and die:

Then

Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in ſpite of his *Styx*;
If he grudges his Ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made Five, made Six.
Since he, &c.

But now the Time's come,
That we all muſt go home,
Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a God ſo Divine,
Won't give us one Cup at our Parting:
But ſince 'tis all paid,
Let's not be diſmay'd,
But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;
And chide him, becauſe
He made no better Laws,
Since he that made Six, made Seven.
Since he, &c.

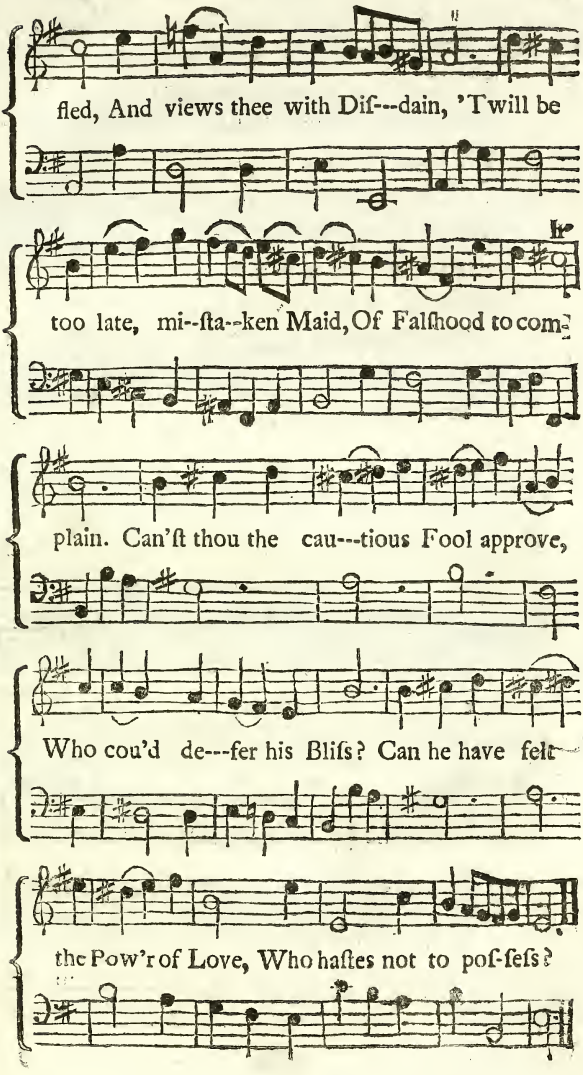
For the FLUTE.



To *MARCELLA.*

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

The precious Hours of fly----ing Youth, *Mar-*
cella, waſte no more, Fed with vain Hopes
of Love and Truth, Which faithleſs *Thirſis*
ſwore. When from thy Arms the Swain is
fled,


fled, And views thee with Dif---dain, 'Twill be
too late, mi--ſta--ken Maid, Of Falſhood to com-
plain. Can'ſt thou the cau---tious Fool approve,
Who cou'd de---fer his Bliſs? Can he have felt
the Pow'r of Love, Who haſtes not to poſ-ſeſs?

Love ſcorns the thinking Sots, and hates
Their Gravity and Reaſon;
Is always ready, and ne'er waits
Conveniency and Seaſon.
Fly from this lazy Lover, fly,
Who lengthens out the Chaſe;
Whoſe Pleaſures in purſuing lye,
And fears too nigh to preſs.
Marcella, vindicate with care
The Empire of your Eyes,
The World will think you not ſo fair,
If *Thirſis* is ſo wiſe.

For the FLUTE.

To the Abſent FLORINDA.

Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELLO.*

Come, *Florinda*, love--ly Charmer, Come and
fix this wav'ring Heart; Let thoſe Eyes my
Soul re-kin-dle, Ere I feel ſome foreign Dart.

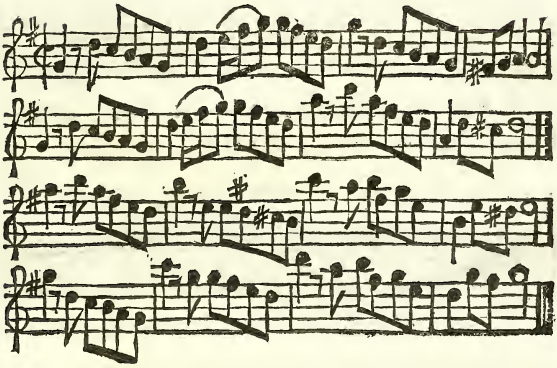
Come

Thouſand Beauties trip around me,
And my yielding Breaſt aſſail;
Come and take me to thy Boſom,
Ere my conſtant Paſſion fail.
Come, and like the radiant Morning,
On my Soul ſerenely ſhine,
Then thoſe glimmering Stars ſhall vaniſh,
Loſt in Splendor more divine.

Long

Long this Heart has been thy Victim,
  Long has felt the pleasing Pain;
Come, and with an equal Passion
  Make it ever thine remain.
Then, my Charmer, I can promise,
  If our Souls in Love agree,
None in all the Upper Dwellings
  Shall be happier than we.

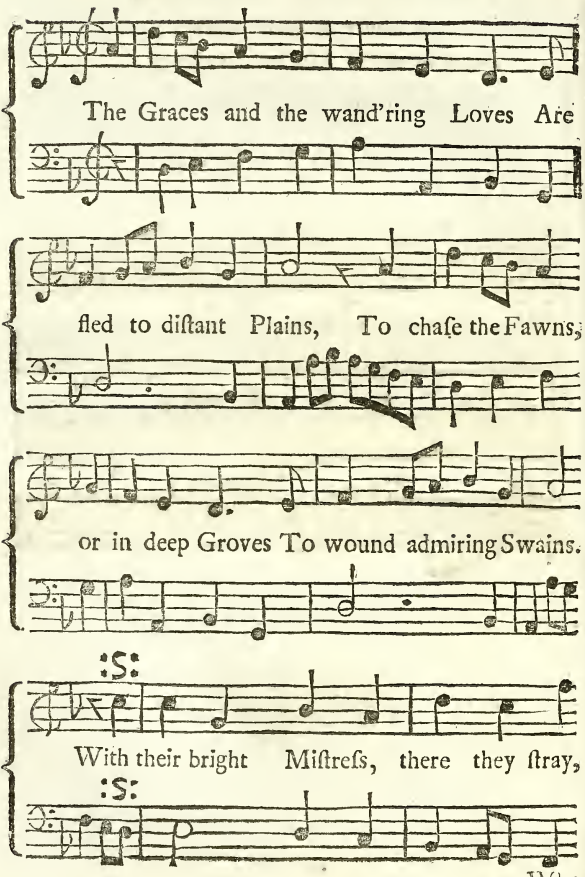
For the FLUTE.



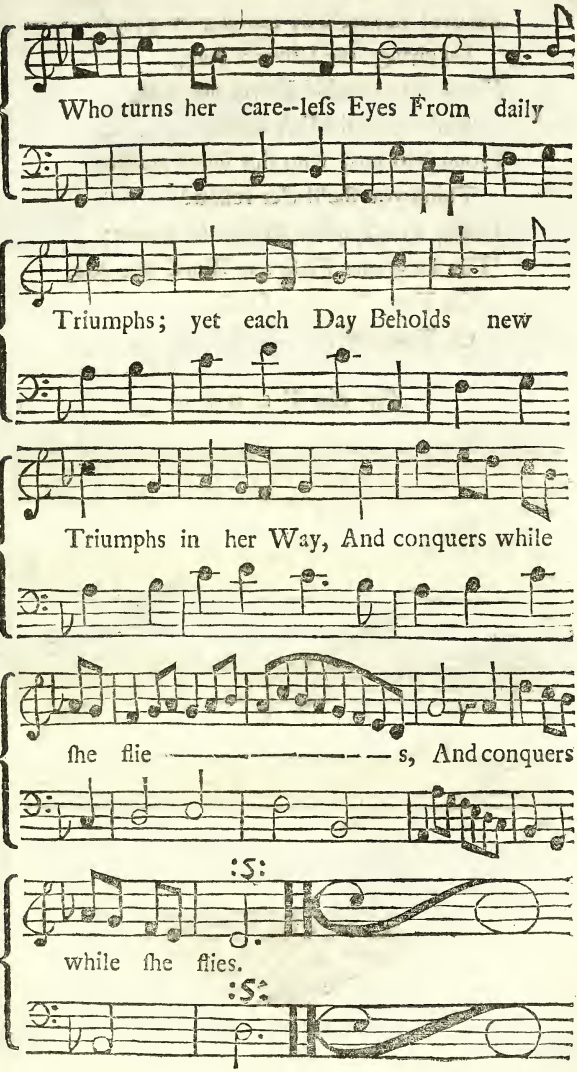
The WAND'RING BEAUTY.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

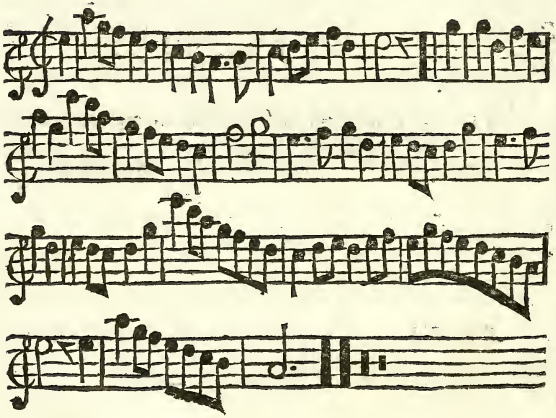

The Graces and the wand'ring Loves Are
fled to distant Plains, To chase the Fawns,
or in deep Groves To wound admiring Swains.
:S:
With their bright Mistress, there they stray,
:S:

Who


Who turns her care--leſs Eyes From daily
Triumphs; yet each Day Beholds new
Triumphs in her Way, And conquers while
ſhe flie ——————— s, And conquers
:S:
while ſhe flies.
:S:

But see! implor'd by moving Pray'rs,
To change the Lover's Pain,
Venus her harness'd Doves prepares,
And brings the Fair again.
Proud Mortals, who this Maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, Fools, your Wishes to renew;
'Till she grows Flesh and Blood like you,
Or You, like her, Divine.
Or You, &c.

For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. *CAREY.*

So many Charms around her ſhine,
Who can the ſweet Temptation fly?
Spight of her Scorn, ſhe's ſo Divine,
That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

To a JEALOUS MISTRESS.

To the foregoing Tune.

NO more, ſeverely kind, affect
To put that lovely Anger on;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'ſt ſuſpect
Thy Lover's Eyes, yet truſt thy own.

Aw'd by ſtern Honour's watchful Spies,
Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd t' obey;
Like Dungeon Slaves, my haſty Eyes
Juſt ſnatch a Glimpſe of chearful Day.

Abſent, the deſart Walks I view;
Here went *Eliza*, there ſhe came;
With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,
And, dreaming, ſigh *Eliza*'s Name.

'Where is his Soul, the Women cry,
'The ſtupid Lump! the lifeleſs Earth!
'Where, ſay the Men, his brisk Reply,
'His crimſon Glaſs, and noiſy Mirth!

Haſt thou not mark'd my burning Kiſs,
My lawleſs Pulſe, my bounding Heart?
How oft, when wild for further Bliſs,
All trembling from thy Arms I ſtart?

Ah! ſpotleſs Fair, too well I find
My Paſſion's ſtrong, my Reaſon frail:
Ah! can I ſtain that Angel Mind,
And, Virtue loſt, let Love prevail?

No; down in Shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miſerable Pair;
Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,
For burning Love, and chaſte Deſpair.

Say, if thou lov'ſt, did ever Youth,
That wiſh'd like me, like me endure?
Do'ſt thou not blame this Swainiſh Truth,
And wiſh my Flame was not ſo pure?

In Pity, hate me, tempting Fair,
An happy Exile let me fly:
What fev'riſh Wretch his Thirſt can bear,
That ſees the cooling Stream ſo nigh!

Oh! I ſhall all my Vows unſay,
If once I gaze —— my Blood will glow;
This virtuous Froſt will melt away,
And Love's wild Torrent overflow.

For the FLUTE.

The AMOROUS SWAIN'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Mr. *MONROE.*

Ah! ſtay ye wanton Gales, and lend A
friendly Moment to my Tale; To the dear
Nymph my Sorrows ſend, I'th' tend'reſt Sighs that
can prevail. In ſecret Murmurs oh! con-
vey,

Or, if the Winds refuſe to bear
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid;
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And guard my Heart from b'ing betray'd:
Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps
To the bleſt Manſion where my Dear,
Each Day ſhe wakes, each Night ſhe ſleeps,
With Pity may my Paſſion hear.

Within her downy Arms embrac'd,
I'd glut with Joys beyond compare;
My Lips ſeal'd to her fragrant Breaſt,
O'erflowing Bleſſings let me ſhare:
Or ſhou'd the Deities refuſe
Immediate Aid to my Requeſt,
Her let me not for ever loſe,
But ſoon or late let me be bleſt.

In pleaſing Dreams, let tender Love
Invade her Sleep, and let her know,
(O *Cupid*, and Almighty *Jove!*)
How much for her I undergo.
On her lov'd Boſom Night and Day,
Where Jars and Diſcord find no Place,
There let me breathe my Soul away,
And bid Adieu to Human Race.

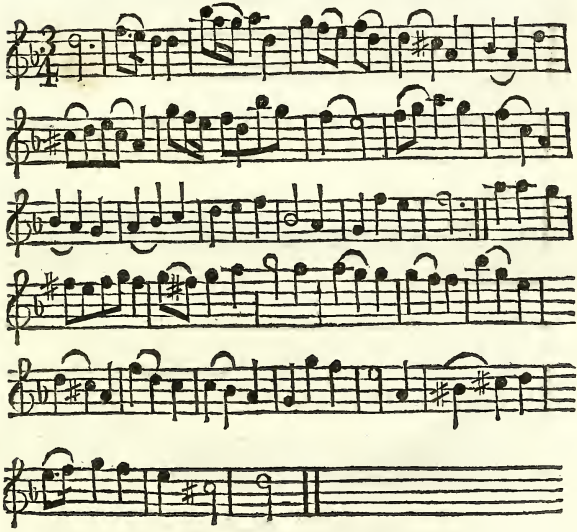
To the foregoing Tune.

YES, *Daphne*, in your Face I find
Thoſe Charms by which my Heart's betray'd;
Then let not your Diſdain unbind
The Priſoner that your Eyes have made:
She that in Love makes leaſt Defence,
Wounds ever with the ſureſt Dart;
Beauty may captivate the Senſe,
But Kindneſs only gains the Heart.

'Tis

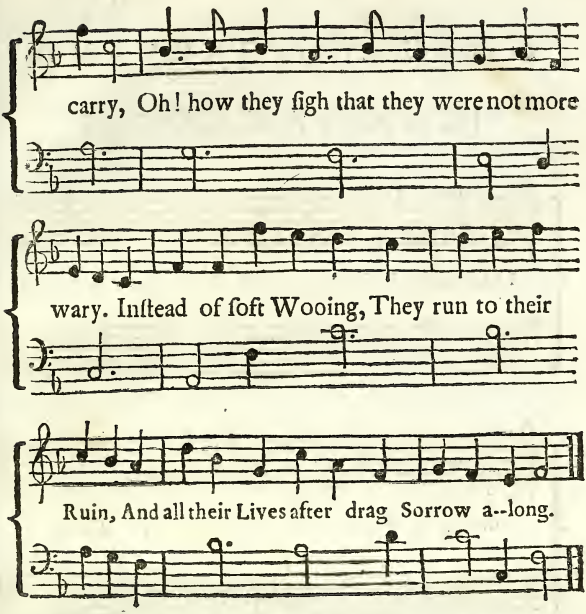
'Tis Kindneſs, *Daphne*, muſt maintain
The Empire that you once have won;
When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,
Its Subjects from their Duty run:
Then force me not to be untrue,
Leſt I, compell'd by gen'rous Shame,
Caſt off my Loyalty to you,
To gain a glorious Rebel's Name.

For the FLUTE.



A SONG *in the* BEGGAR's WEDDING.

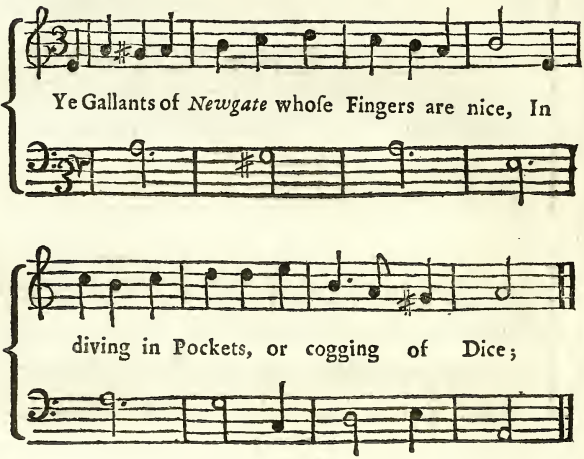
Young Virgins love Pleaſure, As Miſers do
Treaſure, And both a-like ſtudy to heighten the
Meaſure; Their Hearts they will rifle, For ev'ry new
Trifle, And when in their Teens fall in Love for a
Song: But ſoon as they marry, And find things miſ-


carry, Oh! how they ſigh that they were not more
wary. Inſtead of ſoft Wooing, They run to their
Ruin, And all their Lives after drag Sorrow a--long.

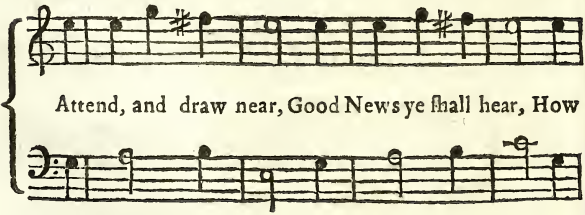
For the FLUTE.

NEWGATE's GARLAND.

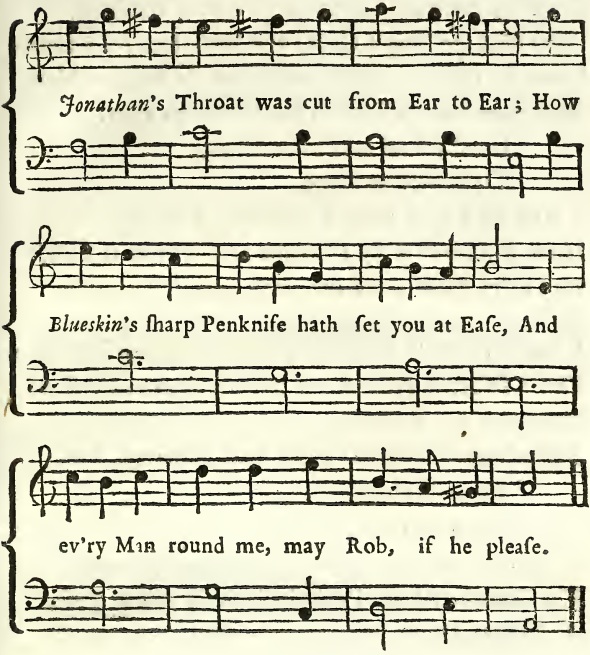
[*To the Tune of* Packington's Pound.]



Ye Sharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the Nooſe,
Ye honeſter poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,



Jonathan's


Jonathan's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear; How
Blueskin's ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe, And
ev'ry Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,
He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read:
Loud rattled his Chains. Near him *Jonathan* ſtood,
For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.
Then hopeleſs of Life,
He drew his Penknife,
And made a ſad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife;
But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

Some

Some ſay there are Courtiers of higheſt Renown,
Who ſteal the King's Gold, and leave him but a *Crown*;
Some ſay there are Peers, and ſome Parliament-Men,
Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:
Let them all take their Swing,
To pillage the King,
And get a Blue Ribbon inſtead of a String.
Now *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe,
And ev'ry Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe:

Knaves of Old to hide Guilt, by their cunning Inventions,
Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Penſions:
Phyſicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees,
To be learned Rogues) call'd their Pilfering, Fees:
Since this happy Day,
Now ev'ry Man may
Rob (as ſafe as in Office) upon the High-way;
For *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe,
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

Some cheat in the Cuſtoms, ſome rob the Exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt Wiſe;
Church-Wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the Altar:
But now to get Gold
They may be more Bold,
And rob on the High-way, ſince *Jonathan*'s Cold;
For *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe,
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

Some,

Some, by Publick Revenues, which paſs'd thro' their Hands,
Have purchas'd clean Houſes, and bought dirty Lands:
Some to ſteal from a Charity think it no Sin,
Which, at home (ſays the Proverb) does always begin;
But if ever you be
Affign'd a Truſtee,
Treat not Orphans like Maſters of the *Chancery*,
But take the High-way, and more honeſtly ſeize,
For every Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

What a Pother has here been, with *Wood* and his Braſs,
Who wou'd modeſtly make a few Halfpennies paſs?
The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,
For *Diomede* changed his Copper for Gold.
But if *Ireland* deſpiſe
Thy new Halfpennies,
With more Safety to rob on the Road I adviſe.
For *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet thee at Eaſe,
And every Man round me, may Rob, if he pleaſe.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by Mr. *DUMBLETON*.

The Air by Mr. MONRO.

all

The youthful, wanton, little Loves,
Around the beauteous Charmer fly;
And ev'ry way the Virgin moves,
She makes us Love, and bids us Dye!

The Graces preſs about the Fair,
Where Youth and blooming Glories reign;
And, while her Voice employs the Ear,
Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

How ſhall I mitigate my Woes?
O! where enjoy the wiſh'd Redreſs?
A Stranger to all ſoft Repoſe,
Where Charms and Muſick both oppreſs.

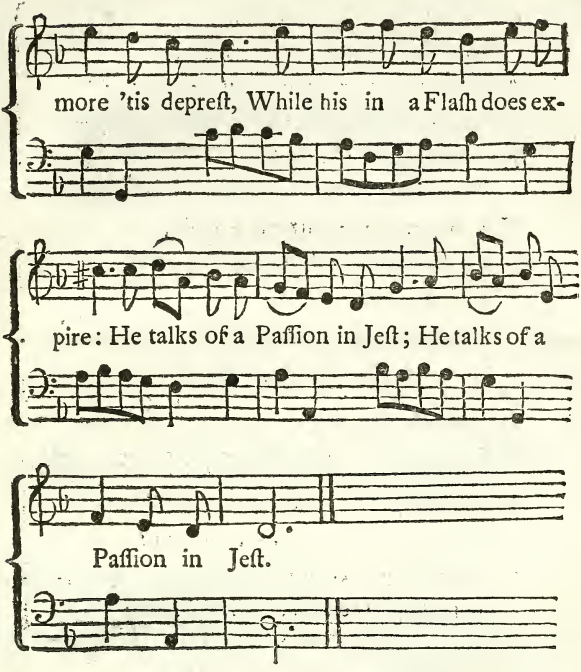
With her in Symphony we go;
We ſoar, when ſhrill ſhe riſes high:
And to ſoft Cadence ſinking low,
Intent the Faculties apply.

Italian Songs are wont to pleaſe,
Tho' ſenſeleſs Words joyn Harmony:
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both Senſe and Muſick meet in thee.

SCORNFUL *PHILLIS.*

Tho' *Phillis* you ſcorn my Addreſs, Preferring a
Rattle that's vain, Yet know, 'tis Reſpect in Ex-
ceſs, That Freedom of Speech does reſtrain;
Oh Cruel! conſider my Fire Burns fiercer the

more



How oft I've reſolv'd when alone,
In fitteſt Words then I cou'd chuſe,
My Affection ſo true to make known;
But Speech in your Preſence I loſe:
Still what I am going to ſay,
Seems fooliſh ridiculous Stuff;
My Thoughts in a Chaos do play;
No Expreſſions are worthy enough.
No Expreſſions, &c.

O Faireſt, your Servant believe,
This is of true Love the Effect;
And what greater Proof can he give?
For where there is Love, there's Reſpect.
All Scholars in young *Cupid*'s School
The Rhet'rick of Tongues ſtill deſpiſe;
'Tis in am'rous Converſe a Rule,
To talk the ſoft Language of Eyes.
To talk, &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

HOW diſmal's the Lover's Condition,
When Cruelty governs the Fair?
When the proper, the only Phyſician,
Inſults o'er her Servant's Deſpair?
His Suff'rings afford her a Pleaſure,
Increaſing, the more he complains;
The more that he doats on his Treaſure,
The faſter ſhe binds him in Chains.
The faſter, &c.

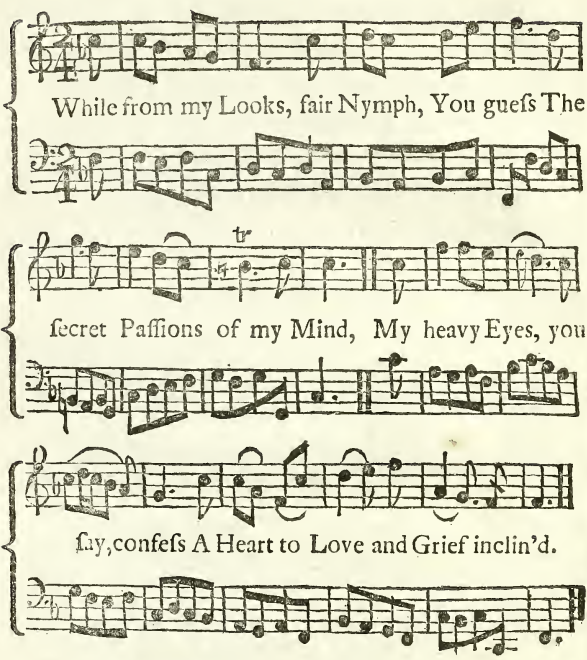
Reſiſtleſs, all-conquering Creature!
Diſdain not to cure what you cauſe:
O prove not a Rebel to *Nature!*
Nor laugh at *Love*'s ſovereign Laws.
Againſt your own Self it is Treaſon
To torture a Heart, that is thine:
My Heart is your own; and what Reaſon
The Pain ſhou'd longer be mine?
The Pain, &c.

Yet

Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty
Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,
I think it both Pleaſure and Duty,
To court and to ſuffer the Pain.
Delightful's the true Lover's Anguiſh;
In craving, it ever contents!
'Tis Torture to pine and to languiſh,
But pleaſes the while it torments.
But pleaſes, &c.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.


While from my Looks, fair Nymph, You gueſs The
tr
ſecret Paſſions of my Mind, My heavy Eyes, you
ſay, confeſs A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little Art
To have this fatal Secret found;
With the ſame Eaſe you threw the Dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhew the Wound.

How can I ſee you, and not love,
While you as op'ning Eaſt are fair?
While cold as Northern Blaſts you prove,
How can I love, and not deſpair?

The

The Wretch in double Fetters bound,
Your potent Mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Propheteſs, my Grief wou'd ceaſe,

For the FLUTE.

MATRIMONY *in* FASHION.

Sung in the BEGGAR's WEDDING.

Sure Marriage is a fine Thing, It is ſo common
grown; *Fal, lal, lal,* &c. It is a Bait which
all Do ſwallow glibly down; *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.
To anſwer Ex--pecta--tion, Such Joys it ſhou'd diſ-

pence;

KINDNESS *to a* COMMON WOMAN *excus'd.*

To the foregoing Tune.

YOU laugh to ſee me fond appear
Of one not worth the Part, *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.
A Wretch by Nature inſincere,
And amorous by Art. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.
Wrong not a well-meant honeſt Flame,
To *Lais* undeſign'd;
'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am
So ardent and ſo kind. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.

Where's now the mighty Diff'rence ſhown,
In what we diff'rent do? *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.
One feigns to all alike, and one
To all alike is true. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.
As both have Hundreds done before,
Each other we careſs;
Impartial ſhe no Man loves more,
And I no Woman leſs. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.

For the FLUTE.

The ROVER FIX'D.

Long from the Force of Beau—ty's Charms, Long
have I wander'd free; Endur'd no Grief, felt
no Alarms; Reserv'd to fall, Reserv'd to
fall, to fall by thee.

Thou

Thou fair One, thou alone canſt move
This Paſſion in my Breaſt;
Thou, thou alone can'ſt teach me Love,
O teach me to be bleſt!

In Safety thus from all Alarms,
The roving Turtle flies,
'Till ſome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

To the foregoing Tune.

PHILLIS, Men ſay that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune paid:
Alas! my Heart he little knows,
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all theſe Woods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More real Pleaſure wou'd afford,
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
On what the niceſt Maid,
Without a conſcious Bluſh, may give
Beneath the Myrtle-Shade.

Of cōſtly Food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But, like the harmleſs Bee, can feed,
And not impair the Flow'r.

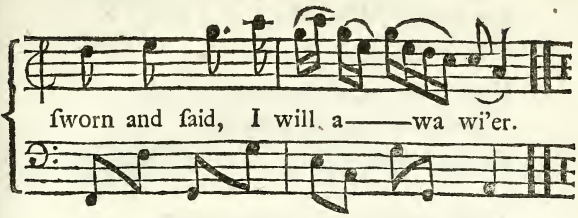
A ſpotleſs Innocence, like thine,
May ſuch a Flame allow;
Yet thy fair Name for ever ſhine,
As doth thy Beauty now.

For the FLUTE.

O'er BOGIE.

I will awa' wi' my Love, I will a---wa wi' her, Tho'
a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid, I will a—wa
wi'er. I'll o'er *Bogie*, o'er *Scrog--gy*,
O'er *Bo--gie* wi'er; Tho' a' my Kin had

ſworn



If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part
For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaux admire fine Lace;
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny Face.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms:
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

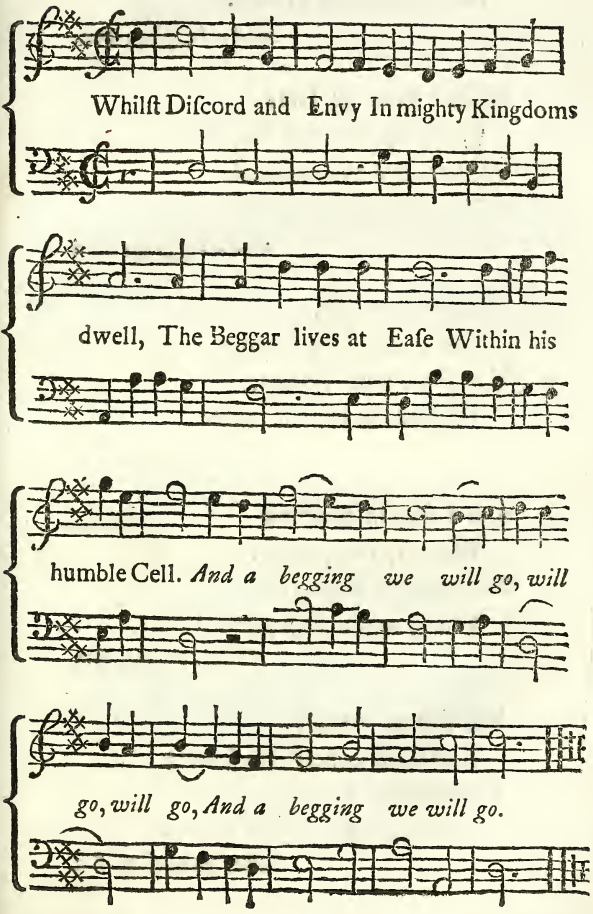
There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

A Kiſs of *Betty*, and a Smile;
Abeet ye wad lay down
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I'll o'er Bogie, *&c.*

For the FLUTE.

The JOVIAL BEGGARS.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING.


Whilst Discord and Envy In mighty Kingdoms
dwell, The Beggar lives at Ease Within his
humble Cell. *And a begging we will go, will*
go, will go, And a begging we will go.

No

No Taxes oppreſs us,
Nor Honours wreck our Brain,
State-Maxims ne'er perplex us,
Nor Parties give us Pain.
And a begging, &c.

Exempt from all Duty
By Land, or yet by Sea,
We hope not to command,
Nor care much to obey.
And a begging, &c.

Whatever we get,
We ſeldom keep in ſtore,
We ſpend it all To-day,
To-morrow beg for more.
And a begging, &c.

Our Laſſes in common
We ev'ry one poſſeſs;
Marriage is a Prieſtcraft,
Which makes Enjoyment leſs.
And a begging, &c.

We live as we liſt,
And skulk beneath the Laws;
For none but a Beggar
Should judge a Beggar's Cauſe.
And a begging, &c.

Contented

Contented when Death,
Thro' Age, approaches nigh;
In Pleasure thus we live,
And with Pleasure thus we die.

And a begging, &c.

For the FLUTE.

LOVELY *CLOE*

To a Minuet of Mr. HANDELL's

Clo---e when I view thee ſmi--ling, Joys Celeſtial
round me move, Pleaſing Viſions Care be-
gui—ling, Guard my State, and crown my Love.
To behold thee gayly ſhin---ing Is a

Pleaſure

Pleaſure paſt de——fi——ning, Ev'--ry
Feature charms my Sight. But, O Heav'ns! when
I'm ca---reſſing, Thrilling Rap--tures ne---ver
ceaſing, Fill my Soul with ſoft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely deareſt Creature!
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart;
Beauteous Maſter-piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To diſſolving Bliſs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to Reſt;
Gently, kindly, Oh my Treaſure!
Bleſs me, let me dye with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breaſt.

For the FLUTE.

The DECEITFUL FAIR.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

With tempting Looks, and flatt'ring Smiles,
Too ſoon a Conqueſt gains;
Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious ſhe does tyrannize,
And wounds each harmleſs Swain;
Firſt ſooths his Hopes with matchleſs Joys,
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from th' Enchantreſs run,
Leſt you become her Prize.

The Hook does lye beneath the Bait;
With Smiles ſhe'll draw you on;
But ſoon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.

To the foregoing Tune.

YOUNG *Nonparelio* lov'd a Maid
As fair as e'er was ſeen;
The Glory He of all the Glade,
And She of all the Green.

The Sylvan Train with Envy ſaw
The lovely loving Pair;
The Swain approach'd the Nymph with Awe,
The Nymph the Swain with Fear.

Fair *Brillant* fled from his Complaint,
Afraid to hear his Sighs;
And doubting ſhe with Joy ſhould grant,
What ſhe with Grief denies.

She racks her ſelf to ſeem ſevere;
He ſees ſhe does but feign:
Tho' when he's preſent, ſhe's in Fear;
When abſent, ſhe's in Pain.

With

With Pleaſure, by ſome murm'ring Stream,
She liſtens to his Lays;
Still glad to find herſelf the Theme,
And flatter'd with his Praiſe.

Nor need he follow, for her Race
Does ne'er continue long;
She ſlackens, when he ſings, her Pace;
And learns her Lover's Song.

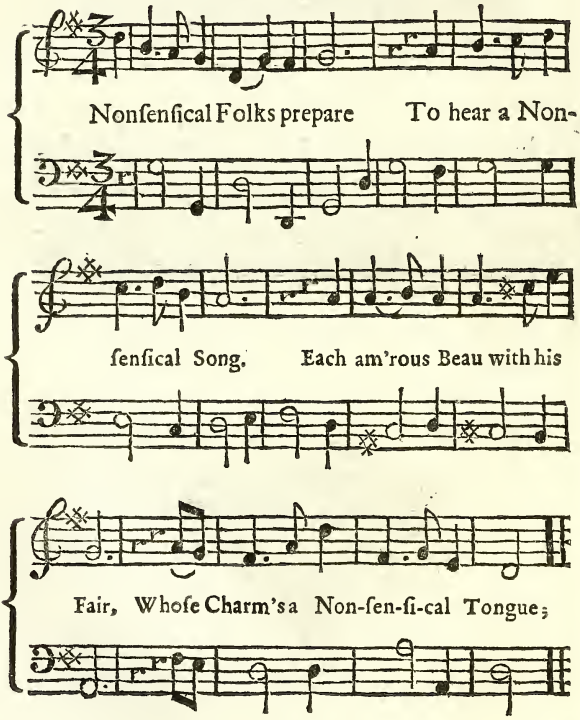
For the FLUTE.

A NONSENSICAL *SONG:*

Or, the CHARMS *of* NONSENSE.

The Words by RICHARD SAVAGE, Gent.

Set by Mr. HEMMING.



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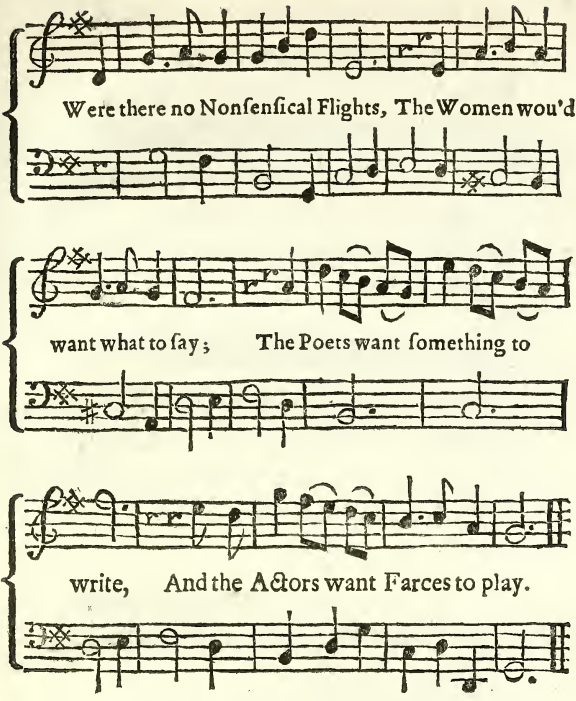

Were there no Nonſenſical Flights, The Women wou'd
want what to ſay; The Poets want ſomething to
write, And the Actors want Farces to play.

Nonſenſe ſo reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble and Cit,
The Town ſends a Share on the Stage,
And each Aſs ſets up for a Wit.
The Lover calls Nonſenſe his Muſe,
When ſmit by the amorous Boy,
Always gaining with that the firſt Uſe
Of the Lady's Nonſenſical Toy.

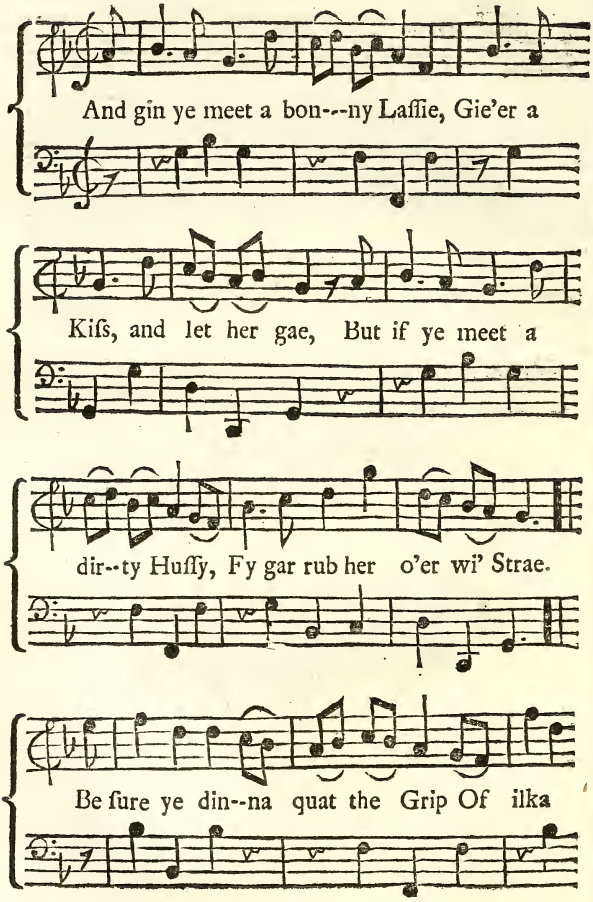
The Parſons their Nonſenſe will preach,
To pious Nonſenſical Fools;
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach,
To Nonſenſical bungling Tools.
The Vulgar their Nonſenſe will prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In Matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party, their Trade.

A ſcribling Poet with Nonſenſe,
For a Dinner, will Nobles aſperſe,
Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conſcience,
Or rather, as bare as his Purſe.
A Parliament Member ſometimes
May make a Nonſenſical Speech;
The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes,
For Nonſenſical Reaſons, Impeach.

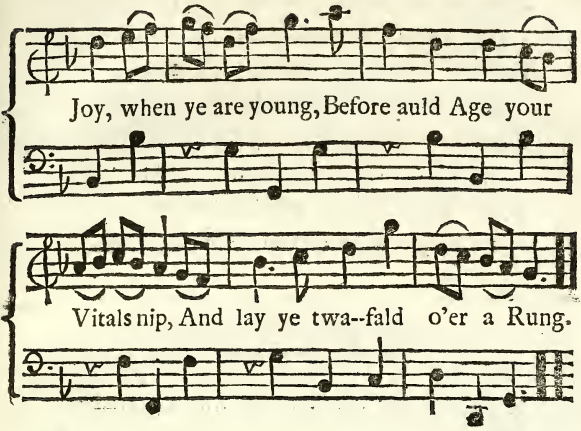
Debates full of Nonſenſe will riſe,
Upon a Nonſenſical Theme,
'Mongſt thoſe that pretend to be wiſe,
And do their own Nonſenſe eſteem.
Since Nonſenſe is grown ſuch a Charm,
With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet,
Let each one his Reaſon alarm,
And he that has Wit let him ſhow it.

For the FLUTE.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.


And gin ye meet a bon---ny Laſſie, Gie'er a
Kiſs, and let her gae, But if ye meet a
dir--ty Huſſy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.
Be ſure ye din--na quat the Grip Of ilka

Joy,



Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartſome Time,
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And Kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide her ſelf in ſome dark Nook.
Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays are haff a Grant.

Now

Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.
Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant.

To the foregoing Tune.

HOW can they taſte of Joys or Grief,
Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?
Love's all our Torment, our Relief;
Our Fate depends alone on Love.
Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neæra's Smiles wou'd eaſe that State;
Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, cou'd bleſs my Mind,
Curs'd by her Abſence, or her Hate.

Of all the Plants which ſhade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle does ſurpaſs;
No Flow'r ſo gay, that does not yield
To blooming Roſes gaudy Dreſs.
No Star ſo bright, that can be ſeen,
When *Phœbus*' Glories gild the Skies;
No Nymph ſo proud adorns the Green,
But yields to fair *Neæra*'s Eyes.

The am'rous Swains no Offerings bring
To *Cupid*'s Altar, as before;
To her they play, to her they ſing,
And own in Love no other Pow'r.
If thou thy Empire wilt regain,
On thy proud Conqu'ror try thy Dart;
Touch, touch with Pity for my Pain,
Neæra's cold diſdainful Heart.

For the FLUTE.

SERAPHINA.

See,
ſee, my *Se-ra-phi-na* comes, Adorn'd with ev'ry
Grace! Look, Gods, from your Ce-le-ſti-al Domes, And
view her charming Face. Then ſearch and tell if

you

See! ſee! like *Venus* ſhe appears,
With all her Heav'n of Charms;
Her ſpotleſs Form, her blooming Years
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuſe my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or Kingly Sway;
Her Smiles ſhou'd all my Hours employ,
And ſport the World away.

To the foregoing Tune.

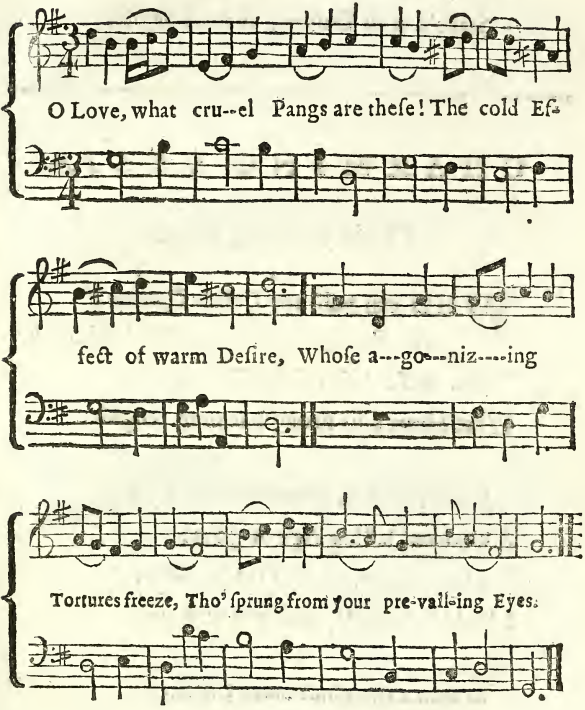
UPON *Clarinda*'s panting Breaſt,
The happy *Strephon* lay;
With Love and Beauty jointly preſt
To paſs the Time away.
Freſh Raptures of tranſporting Love
Struck all his Senſes dumb;
He envy'd not the Powers above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,
To fetch their Treaſures home;
So *Strephon* trac'd the Fields of Love,
To fill her Honey-comb:
Her ruby Lips he kiſt and preſt,
From whence all Joys derive;
Then, humming round her ſnowy Breaſt,
Strait crept into her Hive.

For the FLUTE.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Set by Mr. *TREVERS.*


O Love, what cru--el Pangs are theſe! The cold Ef-
fect of warm Deſire, Whoſe a---go---niz----ing
Tortures freeze, Tho' ſprung from your pre-vail-ing Eyes.

Her Abſence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You, ſtill reſolv'd I ſhou'd complain,
With Jealouſy augment my Grief.

Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When ſever'd from his Fair One's Eyes;
But if he's baniſh'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Deſpair, at once he dies.

CHARMING *CELIA.*

To the foregoing Tune.

WHO can reſiſt my *Celia*'s Charms?
Her Beauty wounds, her Wit diſarms;
When theſe their mighty Forces join,
What Heart's ſo ſtrong but muſt reſign?

Love ſeems to promiſe in her Eyes
A kind and laſting Age of Joys:
But have a care, their Treaſon ſhun;
I look'd, believ'd, and was undone.

In vain a thouſand ways I ſtrive
To keep my fainting Hopes alive;
My Love can never find Reward,
Since Pride and Honour are her Guard.

For

For the FLUTE.

The LAST REQUEST.

Set by Mr. ANTH. YOUNG.

Amintor, once the happy'ſt Swain, His Flocks at-
tended on the Plain; No racking Thoughts di-
ſturb'd his Breaſt, 'Till Love deny'd the Shepherd
Reſt: 'Till Fate, to wound him, did prepare A

fatal

His Flocks no Pleasure now can yield,
But stray unheeded o'er the Field;
Celia alone can give him Ease,
'Tis she alone that pain'd, can please.
The trembling Shepherd, in Despair,
Close as he durst, approach'd the Fair,
Then prest her Hand, and fondly tries
To read his Sentence in her Eyes.

Ah! cruel Nymph; Alas! he cries,
To slight the Swain that for you dies.
Ah, simple Swain! the Nymph returns,
To love One who your Passion scorns!
Confirm'd too plain in all his Fears,
Confusion in his Face appears;
And hopeless now, Relief to find,
He thus address'd the dear Unkind:

Yet let my laſt Requeſt ſucceed,
Defer no more the Death decreed,
The Death that muſt releaſe the Swain
From fruitleſs Hope, and endleſs Pain.
Tho' in your Frowns I ſee my Fate,
Tho' you undo me with your Hate,
Whilſt thus I gaze, Life cannot go;
Oh fly! and ſtrike the fatal Blow.

Written at the BATH.

To the foregoing Tune.

SEE! in the limpid floating Glaſs,
How bright *Aurelia* does appear!
So Lillies in a Chryſtal Caſe
Receive a Gloſs, and look more Fair.
She like the Orient Morning ſhows,
When lifting o'er the Waves her Head;
Or *Venus*, when the Goddeſs roſe,
And firſt forſook her wat'ry Bed.

Take heed, ah! lovely Maid, take heed,
Leſt in the Mirror thou ſhou'dſt ſpy
Thy blooming Charms, and for 'em bleed,
Narciſſus-like, and for 'em dye.
For who, unmov'd, can view that Breaſt!
That Shape! that Face! thoſe matchleſs Charms!
I find my Soul with Love poſſeſt,
And raging Fire my Boſom warms.

Oh!

Oh! that ſhe was by me entwin'd,
Where now the wat'ry Circles run;
'Till we, like *Salmacis* were join'd,
Our Bodies blended both in one.
Plunge in the Fount, ye Old and Weak!
'Twill kindle Life, and Youth reſtore;
And, like the *Stygian* Current, make
Your Limbs as vig'rous as before.

For the FLUTE.

The MILK-MAID's SONG.

Set by Mr. SEEDO. *And Sung by Mr.* NOKES *at the* THEATRE *in the* Hay-Market.

When my Love the other Day, Prais'd my
Charms, and, full of Play, In his Words ſuch
Muſick hung, Paſſions grew the while he
Sung: Then he preſt me, how he bleſt me!

Telling

Prompted by the Fire of Youth,
Thinking all he ſaid was Truth,
I, poor eaſy, yielding Maid,
By the Traitor was betray'd;
He careſs'd me,
And poſſeſs'd me,
Blaſting all my growing Charms:
Maids beware, and dread ſuch Harms.

To the foregoing Tune.

SWAIN, thy hopeleſs Paſſion ſmother,
Perjur'd *Celia* loves another;
In his Arms I ſaw her lying,
Panting, Kiſſing, Trembling, Dying;
There the fair Deceiver ſwore,
There the fair Deceiver ſwore,
As ſhe did to you before. Oh!

Oh! ſaid you, when ſhe deceives me,
When that conſtant Creature leaves me,
Iſis' Waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their oozy Channels dry;
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;
Perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

For the FLUTE.

To CELIA.

The Muſes were ordain'd to ſhew
The Virtues of your Sex;
Then, why ſhou'd what is ſung of you,
Your modeſt Mind perplex?

At Thoughts of you, my Muſe takes Wing,
My tender Boſom warms;
Indulge me then, with Leave to ſing,
Or lay aſide your Charms.

No

No grateful Anſwer I deſire;
No Favours I implore;
'Tis all I want, or can require,
Allow me to adore.

ELEGIAC SONG. *To the* MOON.

Written by the Author of SPARABELLA's COMPLAINT.

To the foregoing Tune.

REfulgent Empreſs of the Night!
To whom I oft' complain,
Thou Moon! reſign thy radiant Light,
Or eaſe me of my Pain.

For Oh! now doubly baneful prove
Thy Rays to either's Reſt;
High Surges on the *Sea* they move,
But higher in my *Breaſt*.

Their Light recalls thoſe Joys to me,
Whoſe Abſence I bemoan;
Thoſe Joys, beheld alone by thee,
Nor ah! by thee unknown.

If potent Verſe, with magick Aid,
From Heav'n have drawn thee down,
By *mine*, be thou to pity ſway'd
A Caſe ſo *like thy own*.

Like

Like thee, who ſhin'ſt with borrow'd Light,
I burn with borrow'd Fires:
The Sun lights thee; but one more bright,
With Flames my Soul inſpires.

Like thee, whoſe Orb ſtill waſtes away,
With fatal Flames I burn:
As thine by Night, ſo mine by Day
To my Deſtruction turn.

Like thee, whoſe Beams the Sun decline,
From whence they firſt ariſe;
So mine conceal'd, ne'er dare to ſhine
Before their Source, her Eyes.

But not like thee in this I prove,
In all things elſe we vie:
Thou ever doſt inconſtant rove,
But ever conſtant I.

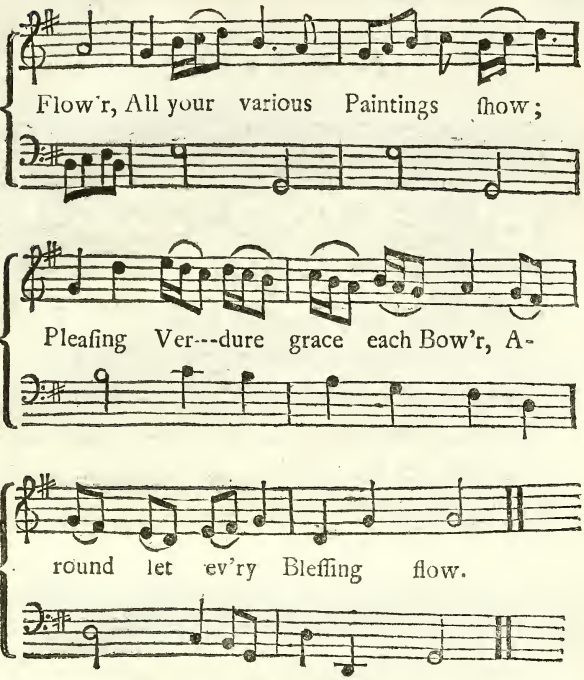
For the FLUTE.

COLIN's REQUEST.

The Words by Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY.

Help me, each harmonious Grove, Gent--ly
whiſper all ye Trees, Tune each warb--ling
Throat to Love, And cool each Mead with
ſofteſt Breeze. Breath ſweet Odours, ev'---ry

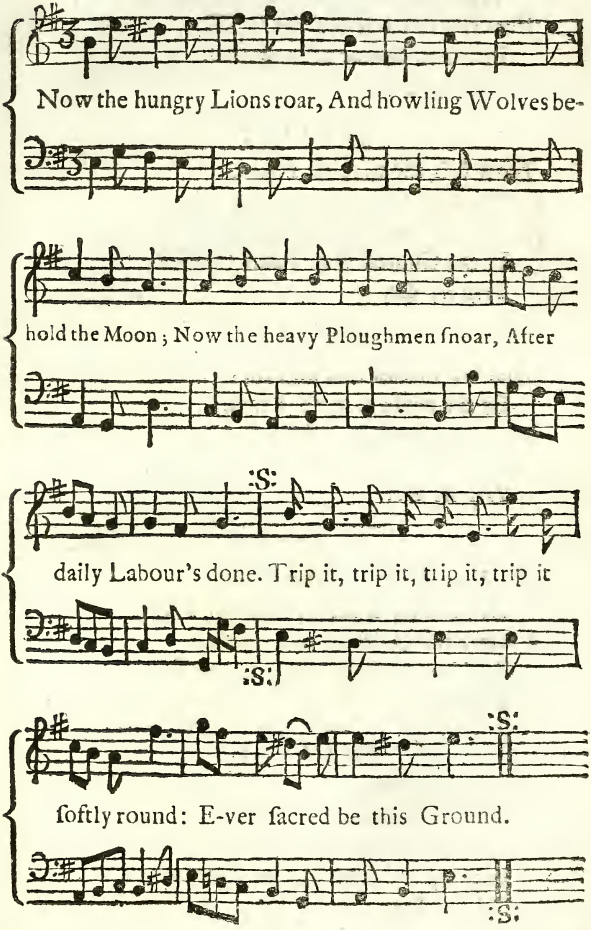
Flow'r,



Glide, ye lympid Brooks, along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray;
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what *Colin* dare not ſay.
Celia comes! whoſe charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That *Colin* dies, if ſhe diſdains.

For the FLUTE.

The FAIRIES.


Now the hungry Lions roar, And howling Wolves be-
hold the Moon; Now the heavy Ploughmen snoar, After
daily Labour's done. Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it
softly round: E-ver sacred be this Ground.

2d FAIRY.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilſt the Screech-Owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

3d FAIRY.

Now it is the time of Night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

4th FAIRY.

And we Fairies that do run,
By the triple *Hecat*'s Team,
From the Preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream,
Trip it, &c.

5th FAIRY.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouſe,
Or boading Bird, or Beaſt of Prey,
Diſturb the Quiet of this Houſe,
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.

6th FAIRY.

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes do no offence;
Beatles black, approach not near;
Worm, and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.

7th FAIRY.

By the dead and drowſy Fire,
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,
Hop, as little Bird from Brier,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.

8th FAIRY.

Now joyn all your warbling Notes,
In Chorus of ſweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your Fairy Throats,
Sing, and dance it tripingly.
Trip it, &c.

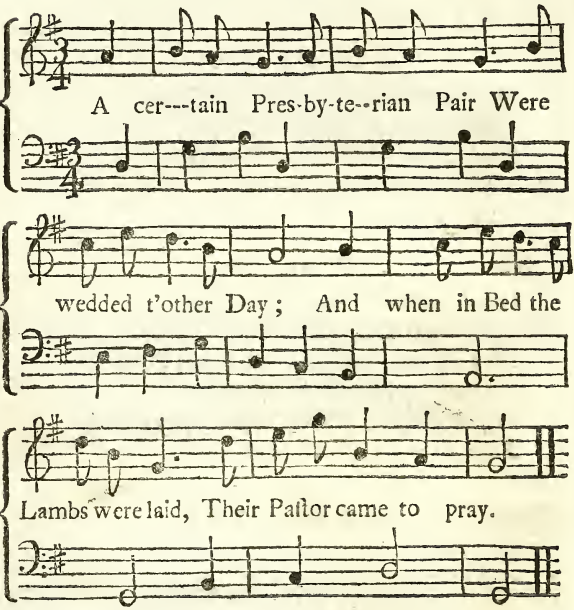
CHORUS.

Hand in Hand, with Fairy Grace,
We will ſing, and bleſs this Place.
May Plenty, Paſtime, and ſweet Peace
Daily in this Houſe increaſe.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it ſoftly round:
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

For the FLUTE.

The PRESBYTERIAN WEDDING.

——— Procul ô procul eſte Profani!
Conclamat Vates totoque abſiſtite Luco. Virgil.



But firſt he bade each Gueſt depart,
Nor ſacred Rites prophane;
For carnal Eyes ſuch Myſteries
Can never entertain.

Then with a Puritannick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd,
That he would pleaſe to grant Encreaſe
To that ſame Man and Maid:

And that the Husbandman might dreſs
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And like a Vine ſhe ſtill might twine
About him all her Life.

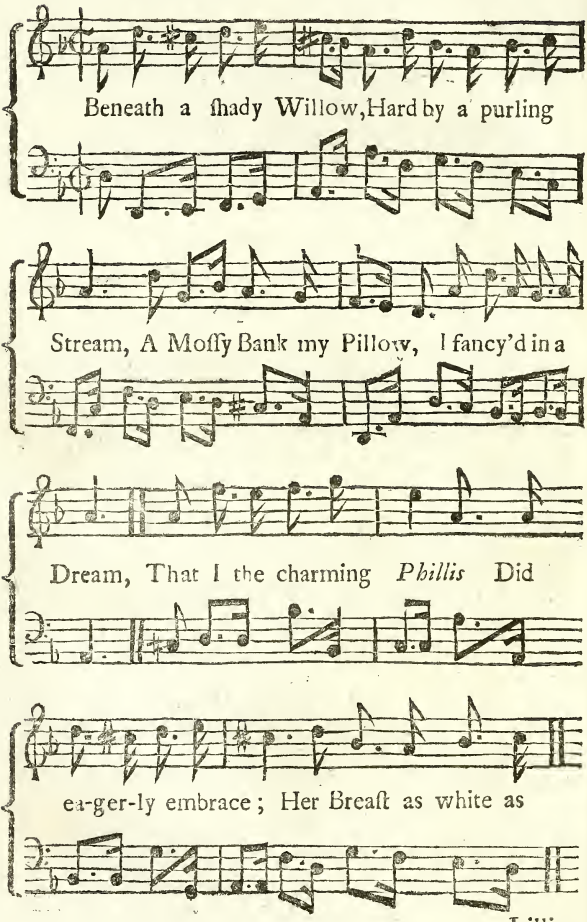
Sack Poſſet then he gave them both,
And ſaid, with lifted Eyes,
Bleſt of the Lord! with one Accord
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouſe,
T'apply Prolifick Balm;
And while they ſtrove in mutual Love,
The Parſon ſung a Pſalm.

For the FLUTE.

The DREAM.

The Muſick by Mr. *HANDEL.*


Beneath a ſhady Willow, Hard by a purling
Stream, A Moſſy Bank my Pillow, I fancy'd in a
Dream, That I the charming *Phillis* Did
ea-ger-ly embrace; Her Breaſt as white as
Lillies,

Lillies, And *Roſamonda*'s Face.

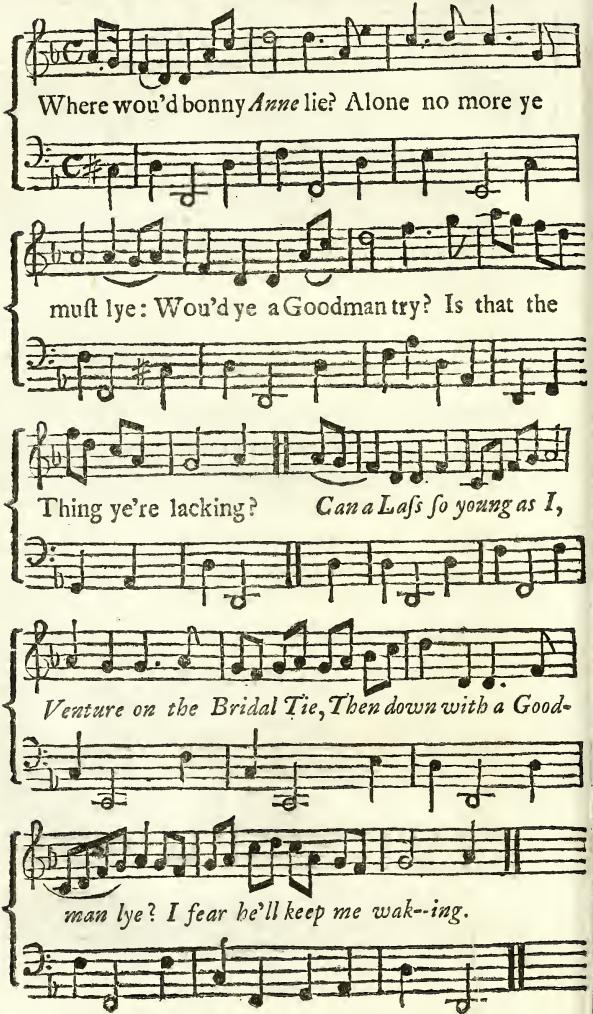
What ecſtacies of Pleaſure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treaſure
She bleſt her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought our Joys diſcover,
And I my Dream believe,
I ſo cou'd ſleep for ever,
And ſtill be ſo deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain wou'd have eluded
The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring
So exquiſite a Pain;
The Wound is paſt all curing,
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

For the FLUTE.

The CORDIAL.

To the Tune of, *Where ſhall our Goodman lye.*


Where wou'd bonny *Anne* lie? Alone no more ye
muſt lye: Wou'd ye a Goodman try? Is that the
Thing ye're lacking? *Can a Laſs ſo young as I,*
Venture on the Bridal Tie, Then down with a Good-
man lye? I fear he'll keep me wak--ing.

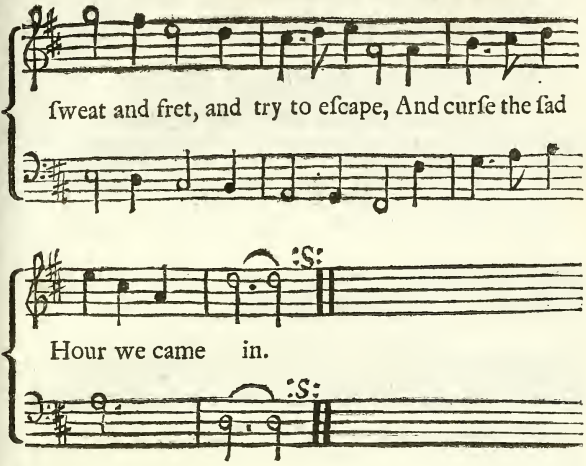
Never judge until ye try,
Make me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lye,
And ſleep till ye be weary.
What if I ſhou'd waking lye,
When th' Hoboys are going by,
Will ye tend me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

In my Boſom thou ſhalt lye,
When thou wakeful art or dry,
Healthy Cordial ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.
To your Will I then comply;
Join us, Prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman lye,
Who can a Cordial give me.

For the FLUTE.

MARRIAGE.

Of all the ſimple things we do, to rub over a
whimſical Life, There's no one Folly is ſo true, As, that
very bad Bargain a Wife; We're juſt like a
Mouſe in a Trap, Or Vermin caught in a Gin, We
ſweat



I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool,
And a thouſand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd and rang'd, deſpis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before:
This was the worſt Plague cou'd enſue;
I'm mew'd in a ſmoaky Houſe;
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis ſmall Beer with my Spouſe.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way;
If now I croſs her Will, her Voice
Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:

Like

Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret at my Heart and Soul;
Walk to and fro the length of my Chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

For the FLUTE.

CELIA to *COLIN.*

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Ceaſe, lovely Shepherd, ceaſe to mourn, Nor
longer wanton in thy Grief; *Grief*; Her
Aſhes ſleep with--in their Urn; Let new-born
Paſſion give Relief. *Her-----lief.*

Tho'

Tho' *Sylvia* was ſo ſoft, ſo fair,
That all the Youths and neighb'ring Swains
Languiſh'd with Paſſion and Deſpair,
While ſhe reign'd Miſtreſs of the Plains;

Tho' ſweet ſhe was, as Morning Dew,
And ſilent as the Cloſe of Night;
Shepherd, ſhe breathes no more for you,
But riſes in the brighteſt Light.

Colin, then let thy throbbing Heart
For ſprightly *Celia* glow and burn;
Sighs for thy Sighs ſhe will impart,
And gentle Love, for Love, return.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, under her Name of ARDELIA.

To the foregoing Tune.

PHOEBUS now ſhort'ning every Shade,
Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays
Before he durſt the Nymph approach.

Under

Under thoſe ſacred Leaves, ſecure
From common Lightning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flaſhes of *Ardelia*'s Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
And gueſs'd his Buſineſs e'er he ſpoke.

He, in the old Celeſtial Cant,
Confeſs'd his Flame, and ſwore by *Styx*,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire, to grant;
But wiſe *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtroling Gods, whoſe uſual Trade is,
Under pretence of taking Air,
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a Tryal,
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Requeſt, the Virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Paſſion led,
The God could not refuſe her Prayer:
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the Air.

And now he thought to ſeize his Due,
But ſhe the Charm already try'd;
Thalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia*'s Side.

On Sight of this Celeſtial *Prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
Nor in her Preſence durſt be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia*'s Power;
For Vows divine are kept by Fate,

Then full of Rage *Apollo* ſpoke,
Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy Art;
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler Part.

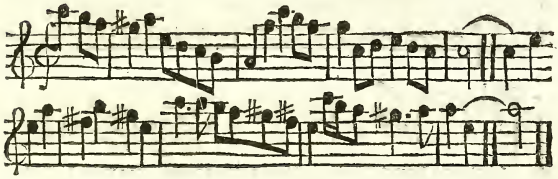
Let ſtubborn Pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy Song,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a Poet's Name.

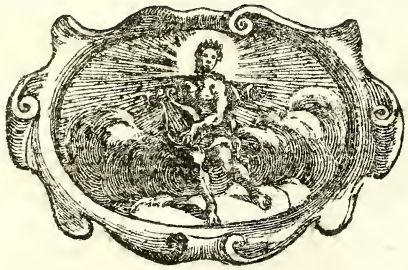
Of

Of Modeſt Poets be thou firſt,
To ſilent Shades repeat thy Verſe,
'Till *Fame* and *Echo* almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearſe.

And laſt, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

For the FLUTE.





To SEIGNORA *CUZZONI.*

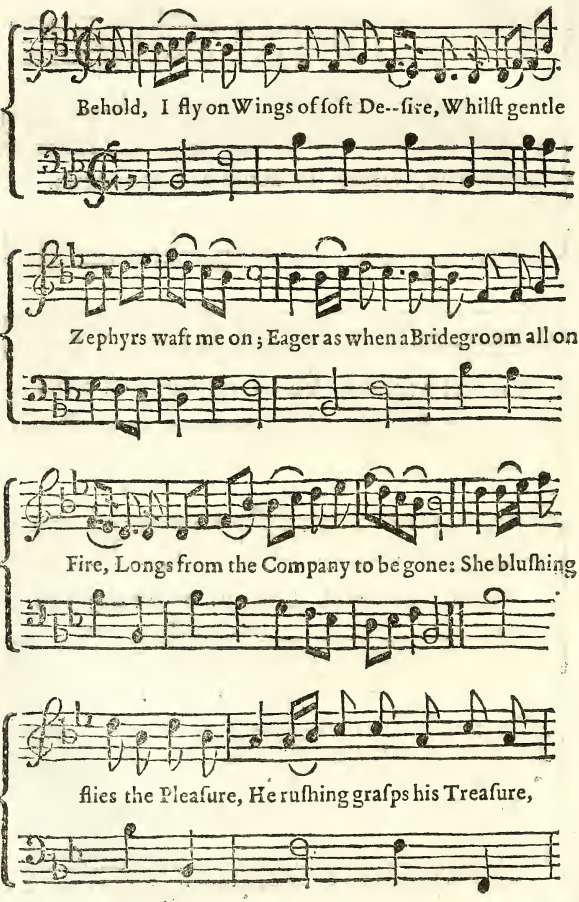
Words by Mr. A. PHILLIPS. Muſick by Mr. HOLCOMB.

Little *Syren* of the Stage, Charmer of an
idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre, Wanton
Gale of fond Deſire, Bane of ev'ry man--ly Art,
Sweet Enfeebler of the Heart; Oh, too pleaſing
is thy Strain! Hence, to Southern Climes again;

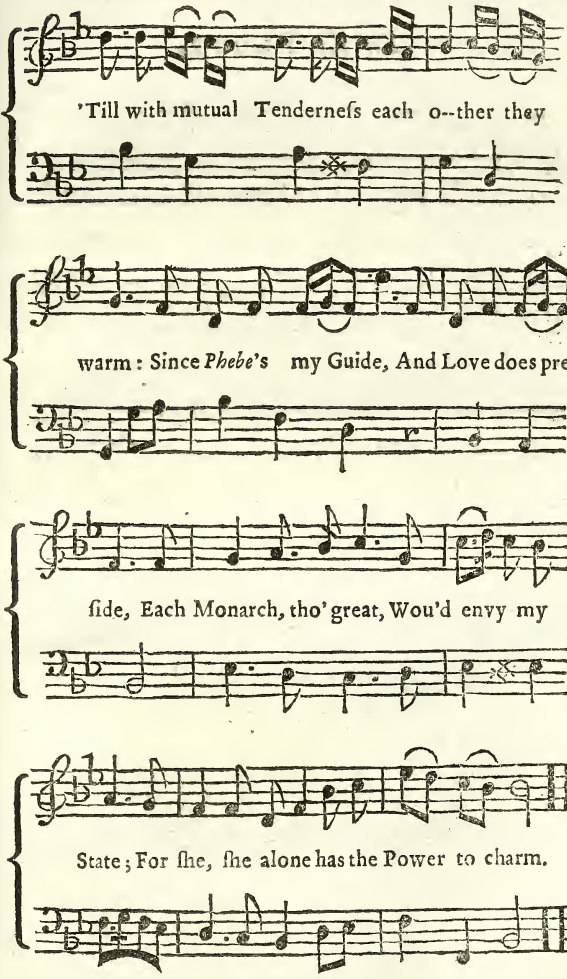
Oh, too pleasing is thy Strain! Hence to Southern
Climes again, Hence to Southern Climes again,
Tuneful Mischief, Vo------cal Spell, To this
Island bid farewel. Leave us as we ought to
be, Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

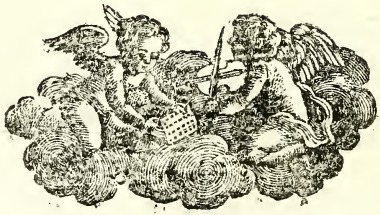
Tune, *Deel take the Wars.*


Behold, I fly on Wings of ſoft De--ſire, Whilſt gentle
Zephyrs waft me on; Eager as when a Bridegroom all on
Fire, Longs from the Company to be gone: She bluſhing
flies the Pleaſure, He ruſhing graſps his Treaſure,

'Till

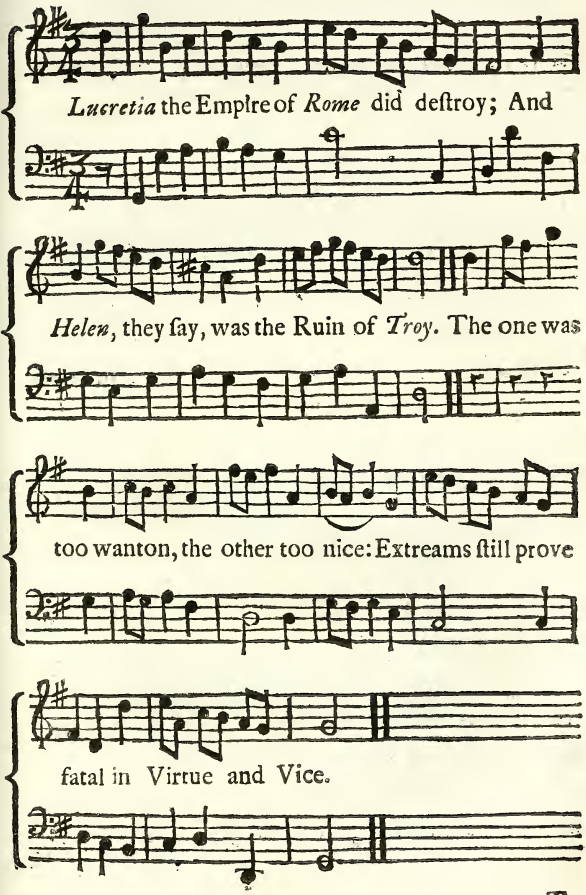

'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each o--ther they
warm: Since *Phebe's* my Guide, And Love does pre-
ſide, Each Monarch, tho' great, Wou'd envy my
State; For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

For the FLUTE.



LUCRETIA.

Set by Mr. BETTS, Organiſt of *Mancheſter.*


Lucretia the Empire of *Rome* did deſtroy; And
Helen, they ſay, was the Ruin of *Troy*. The one was
too wanton, the other too nice: Extreams ſtill prove
fatal in Virtue and Vice.

To

To be ſhipwreck'd on either, I never deſign,
But to ſail between both, in a Sea of good Wine:
What tho' ſome dull Matron our Mirth diſapprove,
'Tis ſafer for Ladies to Drink than to Love.

Here's a Health to all thoſe that are better than wiſe,
Who ſcorn to be Vicious, yet are not Preciſe:
What tho' ſome dull Matron our Mirth diſapprove,
'Tis ſafer for Ladies to Drink than to Love.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHen I viſit proud *Celia*, juſt come from my Glaſs,
She tells me I'm fluſter'd, and look like an Aſs;
When I mean of my Paſſion to put her in mind,
She bids me leave Drinking, or ſhe'll never be kind.

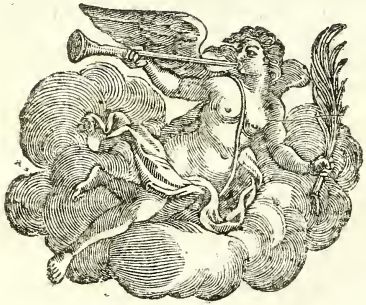
That ſhe's charmingly handſome, I very well know;
And ſo is my Bottle, each Brimmer ſo too;
And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Nonſenſe to ask,
Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flask.

Had ſhe taxt me with Gaming, and bad me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an Ear.
Had ſhe found out my *Cloris*, up three pair of Stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. *James*'s to Prayers.

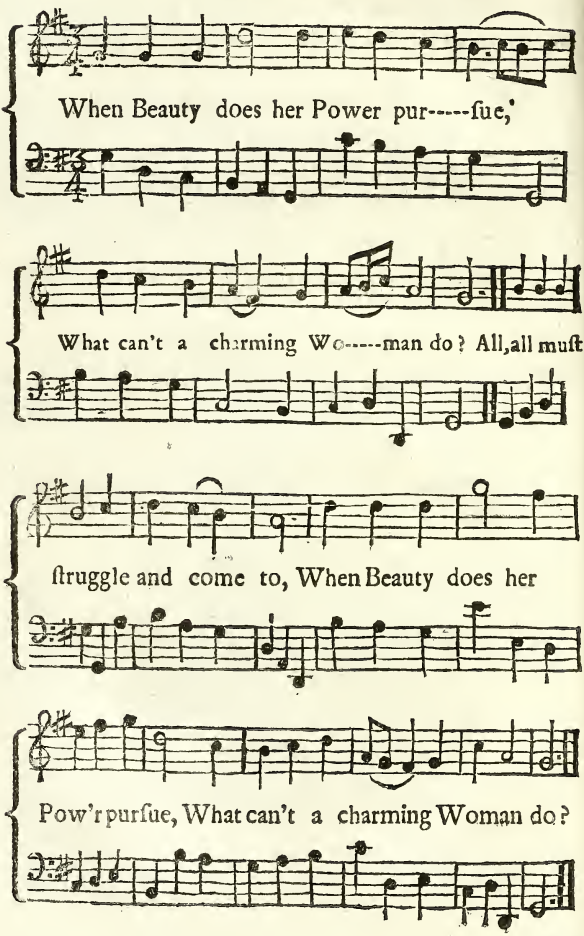
Had

Had ſhe bade me read Homilies three times a Day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to ſay.
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red;
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be ſaid.

For the FLUTE.



The POWER *of* BEAUTY.


When Beauty does her Power pur-----ſue,
What can't a charming Wo-----man do? All, all muſt
ſtruggle and come to, When Beauty does her
Pow'r purſue, What can't a charming Woman do?

She

She makes the Soldier quit his Rage;
She makes the Sword quite loſe its Edge:
All, all muſt ſtruggle, &c.

She makes the Stateſmen look like Fools;
She makes the Students ſlight their Schools:
All, all muſt ſtruggle, &c.

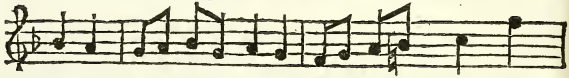
She makes the greateſt Prince her Slave,
The ſtout, the bold, the young, the brave:
All, all muſt ſtruggle, &c.

CAREY's WISH.

A Catch for three Voices.

Curſt be the Wretch that's bought and

ſold, And barters Li-ber-ty for Gold; For when E-



lection is not free, In vain we boaſt of

Liberty, And he who ſells his ſin---gle Right,

Would ſell his Country, if he might.

When Liberty is put to Sale,
For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,
The Sellers muſt be abject Slaves;
The Buyers, vile deſigning Knaves:
And 't has a Proverb been of old,
The Devil's bought, but to be ſold.

This

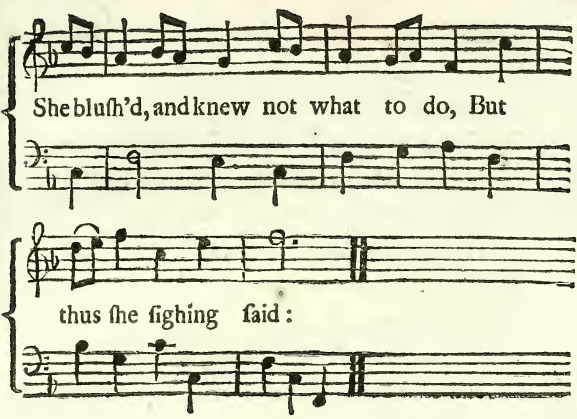
This Maxim, in the Stateſman's School,
Is always taught, *Divide* and *Rule*.
All Parties are to him a Joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the Yoke:
When Men their Reaſon once reſume,
'Tis then the Stateſman's Turn to fume.

Learn, learn, ye *Britons*, to unite;
Leave off the old exploded Bite;
Henceforth let *Whig* and *Tory* ceaſe,
And turn all Party-Rage to Peace;
Then ſhall we ſee a glorious Scene:
And ſo, God ſave the King and Queen!

Sung in the COMEDY, *call'd*, The WIDOW BEWITCH'D.

The Tune by Mr. *HOLMES.*

When Night had ſet the World to Reſt, And Mortal
Cares appeas'd; Strait was my longing thoughtful
Breaſt With *Celia*'s Image ſeiz'd. Sad ſhe ap-
pear'd, yet ſmiling too; Willing, and yet afraid:
She



Ceaſe, *Strephon*, ceaſe; it muſt not be;
In vain you weep and ſigh:
Talk not of Love, or Flames, to me,
For I muſt ſtill deny.
Do but this wither'd Roſe-bud ſee,
How dead it does appear!
Before 'twas gather'd from the Tree,
You thought it freſh and fair.

Falſe Men, with ſtudied treach'rous Arts,
Fond Innocence betray;
They talk of Charms, and Flames, and Darts,
But mean not what they ſay.
Yet, ah! could *Strephon* faithful prove,
And conſtant to theſe Charms ———
No more, ſaid I, no more, my Love!
But claſp'd her in my Arms.

To the foregoing Tune.

YOung whining Fops, of Love complain,
And rave of Flames and Darts,
Whilſt others love, and feel no Pain,
Yet gain the Ladies Hearts.
If *Silvia*'s kind, can't you be ſo?
If Coy, why, be ſo too;
If ſhe's Ill-humour'd, let her go,
And make no more ado.

Then thro' the Town with freedom rove,
Firſt drinking a brisk Pint;
You'll quickly find a kinder Love,
And a more charming Saint.
If none will ſerve but *Sylvia* fair,
Tho' curſt, among the Throng,
May you be bound her Clack to hear,
'Till Cankers eat her Tongue.

The DISPUTE.

The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. WHICHELLO.

Love bids me go, but *Reaſon* bids me ſtay: O!
why muſt *Love* and *Reaſon* diſagree?
Love racks my Soul, when *Reaſon* I obey; If
Love I fol-low, *Reaſon* tortures me.

Unhappy Wretch! and muſt I then endure
This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?
From *this*, or *that*, in vain I ſeek a Cure:
Ah! could *Love* ſee! or was but *Reaſon* blind!

Look down with Pity from your Thrones above,
You *Powers* eternal! infinitely bleſt!
And from me take my *Reaſon*, or my *Love*,
Or reconcile them both, and give me Reſt.

CONSTANCY.

By Sir *CHARLES SEDLEY.*

To the foregoing Tune.

FEAR not, my Dear; a Flame can never die,
That is once kindled by ſo bright an Eye.
Look on thy Self, and meaſure thence my Love,
Think what a Paſſion ſuch a Form muſt move.

For though thy Beauty firſt allur'd my Sight,
Yet now I look on it but as the Light
That led me to the Treaſury of thy Mind,
Whoſe inward Virtue in that Feature ſhin'd.

That Knot (be confident) will ever laſt,
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reaſon has made faſt;
So faſt, that Time (although it may diſarm
Thy lovely Face) my Faith can never harm:

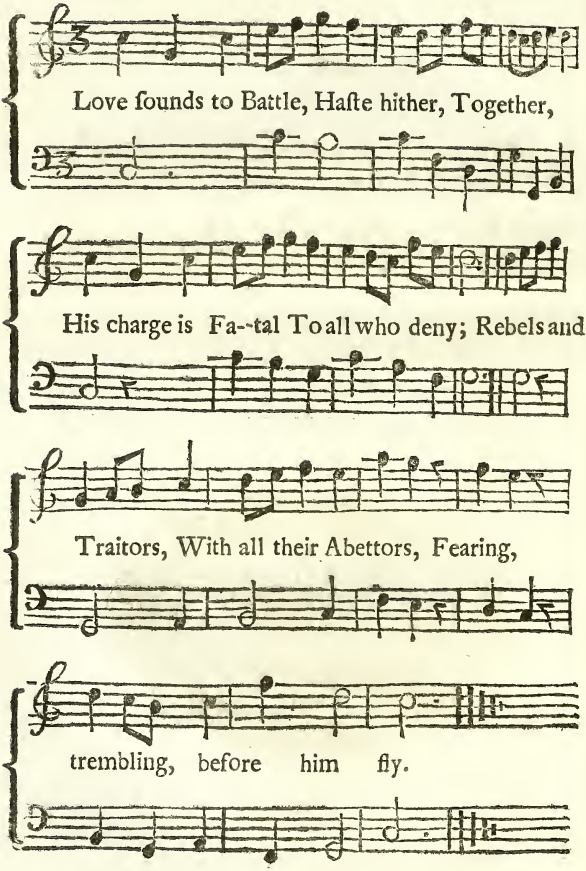
And

And Age, deluded when it comes, will find
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul affign'd.
The Paſſion I have now, ſhall ne'er grow leſs:
No, though thy own fair Self ſhould it oppreſs.

For the FLUTE.

LOVE's REWARD.

By Mr. LEVERIDGE.


Love ſounds to Battle, Haſte hither, Together,
His charge is Fa--tal To all who deny; Rebels and
Traitors, With all their Abettors, Fearing,
trembling, before him fly.

Vain

Vain are the Forces
Of Rangers and Changers,
All their Recourſe is
To arm with a Quart;
But when they're boozing,
And freely carouzing,
Laughing, Quaffing,
He wounds the Heart.

To all Deſerters,
Annoying, deſtroying,
He ne'er gives Quarters,
But ſets them on fire;
The Flame paſt curing,
With Rage they're enduring,
Scorching, burning,
'Till they expire.

But the true Lover,
That ſallies, and rallies,
Nor turns a Rover,
But ſtands to his Arms,
Under Love's Banner,
Shall be crown'd with Honour,
Kiſſing, Preſſing,
And melt in Charms.

Tranſlated from the Italian *Opera of* PHARNACES.

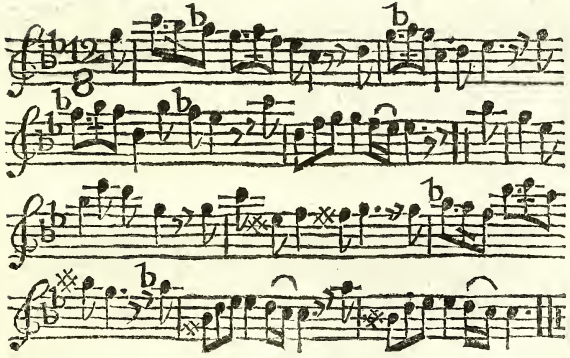
Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

Slow.

O come, dear fa-tal Hour! And all my Woes re-
move: Death, lead me to thy Bow'r, To which thou'ſt
ſent my Love. There mixt with happy Shadows, once
more our Souls ſhall joyn; In bleſt *Elyzian*

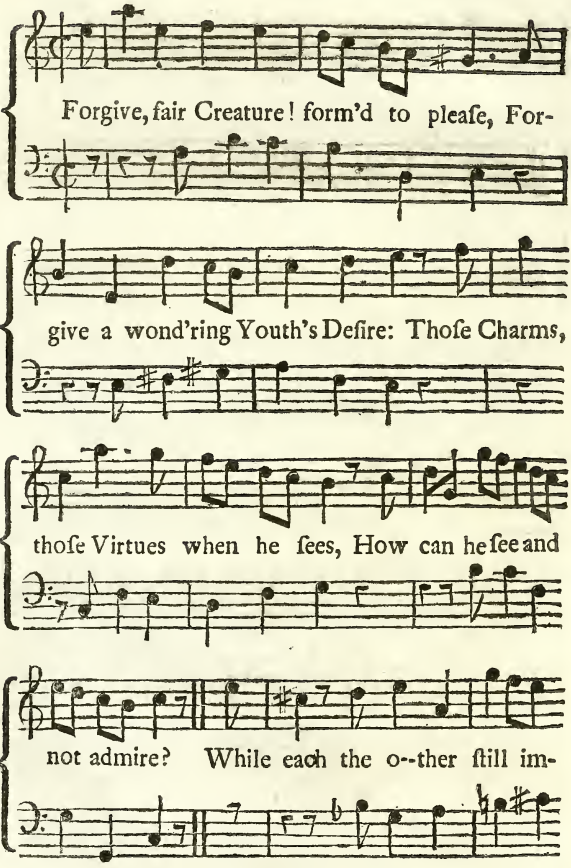
Meadows,

For the FLUTE.



The PETITION.

Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELLO.*


Forgive, fair Creature! form'd to pleaſe, For-
give a wond'ring Youth's Deſire: Thoſe Charms,
thoſe Virtues when he ſees, How can he ſee and
not admire? While each the o--ther ſtill im-

prove,

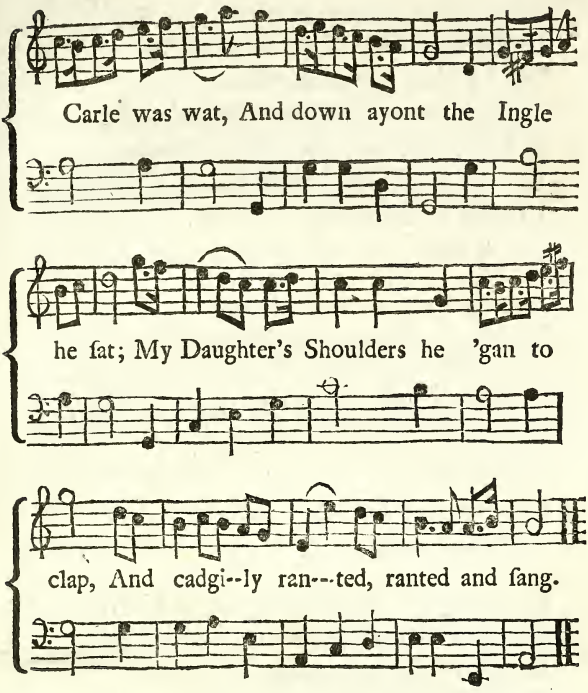
To the foregoing Tune.

WHY does my Heart thus reſtleſs prove?
What wou'd the tedious Trifler have?
Alas! I fear I'm ſick of Love;
The Fool is caught, fair *Myra*'s Slave.
Great God of Love, to eaſe my Pains,
And cure thoſe Ills too late I find,
I beg not you wou'd break my Chains,
But in the ſame my Fair one bind.

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. *of* Scotland, *on occasion of an Adventure of his in Disguise after a Country Girl.*

The pawky auld Carle came o---ver the Lee, Wi'
many good E'ens and Days to me, Saying, Goodwife,
for your Courtesie, Will ye lodge a sil--ly, a
silly poor Man? The Night was cauld, the



O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never, never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'n,
When wooing, wooing they were ſae thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
And awa' awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quoth ſhe, ann I were as white
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa', awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raiſe a Wee before the Cock,
And wylily they ſhot the Lock,
And faſt, and faſt to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raiſe,
And at her Leiſure pat on her Claiſe;
Syne to the Servants Bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer, to ſpeer for the ſilly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome, for ſome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, and waken my Bairn,
And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.

The

The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her Goodwife can ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay, but ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' ſnug in a Glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae, cut frae a new Cheſe a Whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her Mou,
Sic a poor Man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,
To follow me fra Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

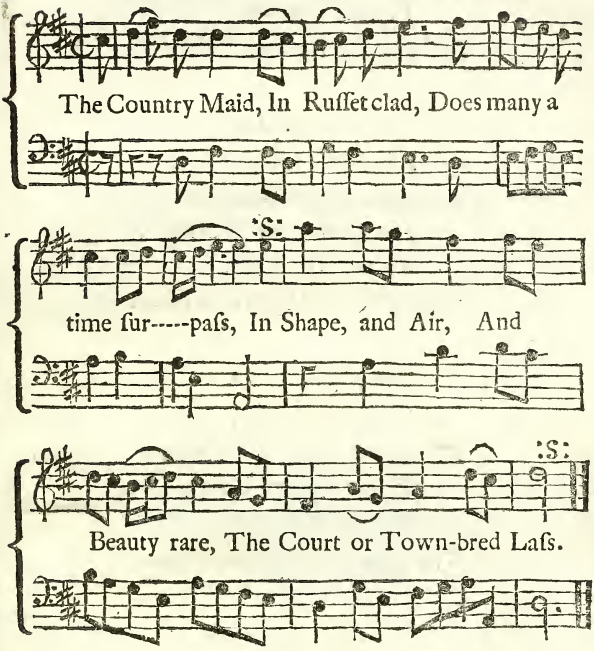
Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie---O.
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me,
While we, while we ſhall be merry and ſing.

For the FLUTE.

The NUT-BROWN MAID.

The Words by Mr. GRIFFIN.

The Muſick by Mr. BARRETT.



And ſuch, as proud
Of Gentile Blood,
Her humble Birth upbraid,
Their richeſt Veins
No Drop contains,
Like that of the *Nut-brown Maid.*

The City Laſs,
With Wainſcot Face,
By Parents made a Fool,
Is ſent to Dance,
To read *Romance*,
And play the Romp at School:

'Till careful Dad
Provides a Lad,
By golden Hopes betray'd,
For Better, for Worſe,
To take the Purſe,
Inſtead of the *Nut-brown Maid.*

The Courtly She,
Of High Degree,
Adorns her Breaſt and Head;
Perfumes, and Paints,
Becauſe ſhe wants
The nat'ral White, and Red.

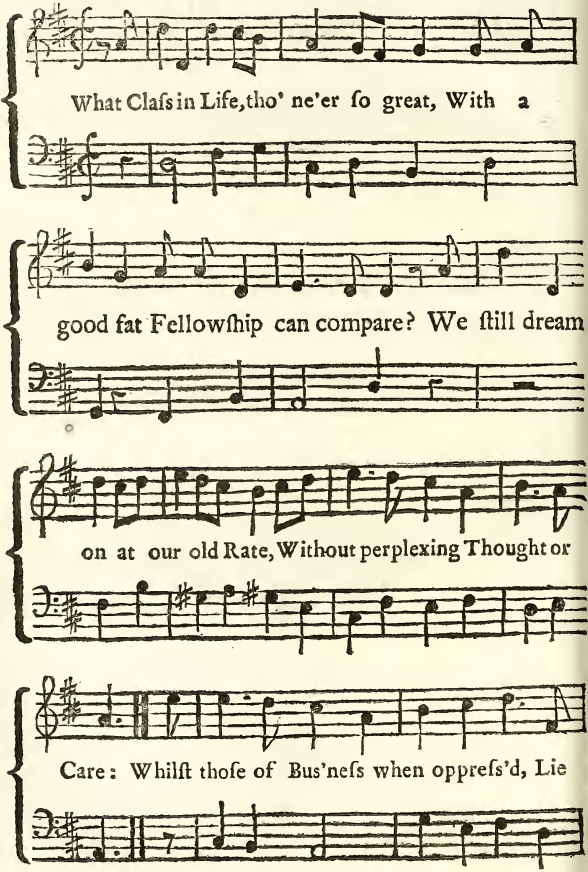
But thoſe that chuſe
Such Arts to uſe,
With all their coſtly Aid,
Shall never ſhew
A Cheek, or Brow,
Like that of the *Nut-brown Maid.*

Try all Mankind,
And you ſhall find,
Tho' ne'er ſo Rich, or Great,
The Gay, the Grave,
The Young, the Brave,
All love the ſoft *Brunet.*

Since none deny
This Truth, then why
Shou'd Love be diſobey'd?
Why ſhould not ſhe
A Counteſs be,
Tho' born but a *Nut-brown Maid*?

Sung in the Comedy call'd, The HUMOURS of OXFORD.

Set by Mr. *CHARKE.* Sung by Mr. *HARPER.*


What Claſs in Life, tho' ne'er ſo great, With a
good fat Fellowſhip can compare? We ſtill dream
on at our old Rate, Without perplexing Thought or
Care: Whilſt thoſe of Bus'neſs when oppreſs'd, Lie
down

[*Sing this Stanza to the Second Part of the Tune.*]

An eaſier Round of Life we keep,
We eat, we drink, we ſmoak, we ſleep,
We reel to Bed, there ſnore, and then
We riſe to do the ſame again.

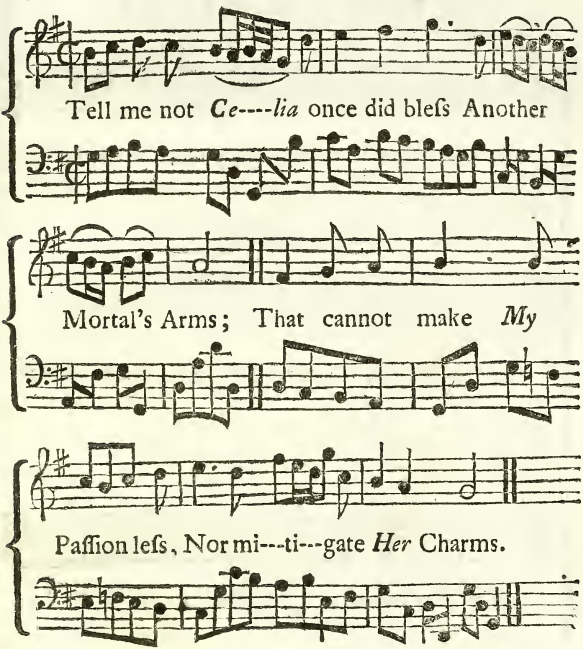
Come, come, come, come let us drink, let us drink,
And give a Looſe to Pleaſure;
Fill, fill, fill, fill to the Brink, to the Brink,
We know no other Meaſure.

What elſe, what elſe have we to do,
In this our eaſy Station,
But that, but that we pleaſe, purſue,
And drink to our Foundation?

For the FLUTE.

An APOLOGY *for Loving a* WIDOW.

By GEORGE SEWELL, M. D. Set by Mr. SHEELES.

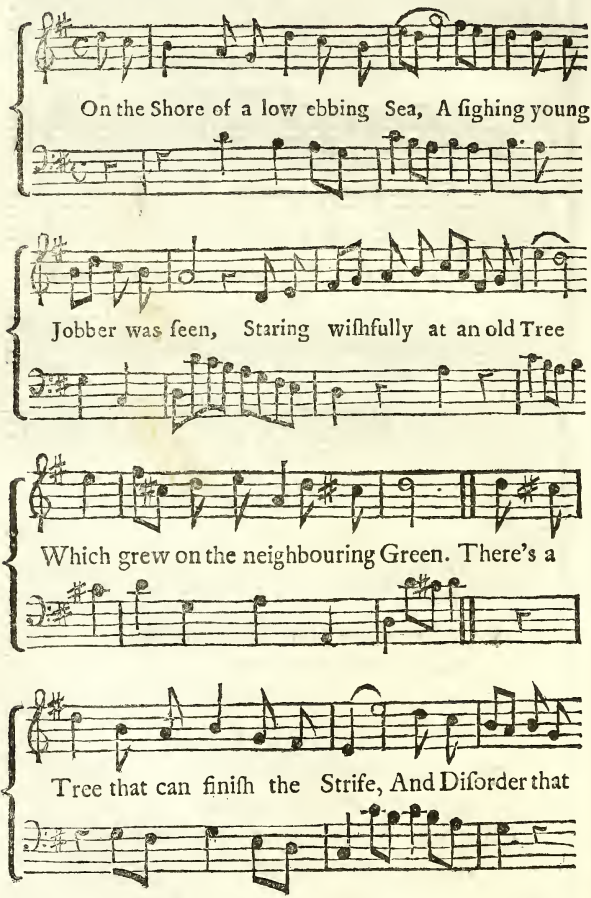


Shall I refuſe to quench my Thirſt,
  Depending Life to ſave,
Becauſe ſome droughty Shepherd firſt
  Has kiſs'd the ſmiling Wave?

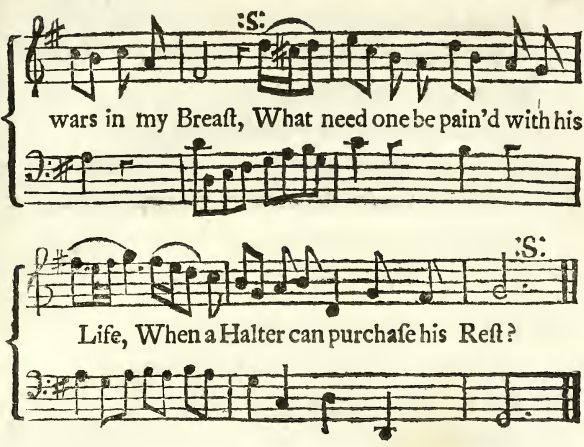
No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,
  And ſuits a Noble Blood,
To have in *Love*, as well as *State*,
  A *Taſter* to our *Food*.

The SATYR's ADVICE *to a* STOCK-JOBBER.

The Muſick by Mr. *HANDEL.*


On the Shore of a low ebbing Sea, A ſighing young
Jobber was ſeen, Staring wiſhfully at an old Tree
Which grew on the neighbouring Green. There's a
Tree that can finiſh the Strife, And Diſorder that

wars



Sometimes he would ſtamp, and look wild,
  Then roar out a terrible Curſe
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
  And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe.
A Satyr that wander'd along,
  With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:
The Savage maliciouſly ſung,
  And jok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
  His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
  And bid him abandon his Fears.
Said he, Have you been at the *Sea*,
  And met with a contrary Wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free?
  Don't blame the poor Goddeſs, ſhe's blind.

Come

Come hold up thy Head, fooliſh Wight,
I'll teach thee thy Loſs to retrieve;
Obſerve me this Project aright,
And think not of Hanging, but live.
Hecatiſſa, conceited and old,
Affects in her Airs to ſeem young,
Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
And plenty of Nonſenſe her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a ſhort Space,
Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkled or gray;
Extol her for Beauty and Grace,
And doubt not of gaining the Day.
In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
And when of her Wealth you are ſure,
Make free of the old Woman's Coin,
And purchaſe a ſprightly young Whore.

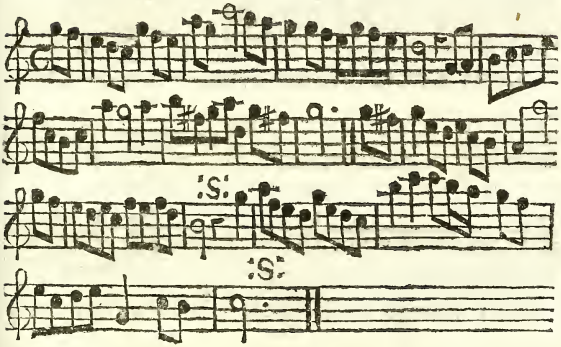
To the foregoing Tune.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Tho' ſmall Experience I've had,
I'll give you good Counſel, and free.
All Women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a Moment the ſame:
As time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But

But who in his Love wou'd ſucceed,
And his Miſtreſs's Favour obtain;
Muſt mind it, as ſure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is ſerene.
There's a Seaſon to conquer the Fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay:
To catch the Occaſion take care:
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll eſſay.

For the FLUTE.



LOVE *inviting* REASON.

Tune, *O dear Mother!*

When innocent Paſtime our Pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree, E'er
Annie became a fine Lady in Town, How lovely
and loving and bon--ny was ſhe? Rouze up thy

Reaſon,

Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*, Let ne'er a new
Whim ding thy Fancy a--jee; O! as thou art
bony, be faithful and ca--ny, And favour thy
Jamie, who doats upon thee.

Does

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
Can tyning of Trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears from thoſe Een?
That look with Indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*,
And do not prefer a Paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bony, be prudent and cany,
And think on thy *Jamie*, who doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new Manto, or *Flanders* Lace-Head,
Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never ſo fine,
Make thee grow forgetful, and let his Heart bleed,
That once had ſome Hope of purchaſing thine.
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*,
And do not prefer your Fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bony, be ſolid and cany,
And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangled *Sany*,
Tho' gilt o'er with Laces and Fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at thoſe Beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*,
And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
O! as thou art bony, be conſtant and cany,
Love only thy *Jamie*, who doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka ſweet Hour,
That ſlade away ſoftly between thee and me,
E'er Squirrels, or Beaus, or Foppery had Pow'r
To rival my Love, and impoſe upon thee.

Rouze

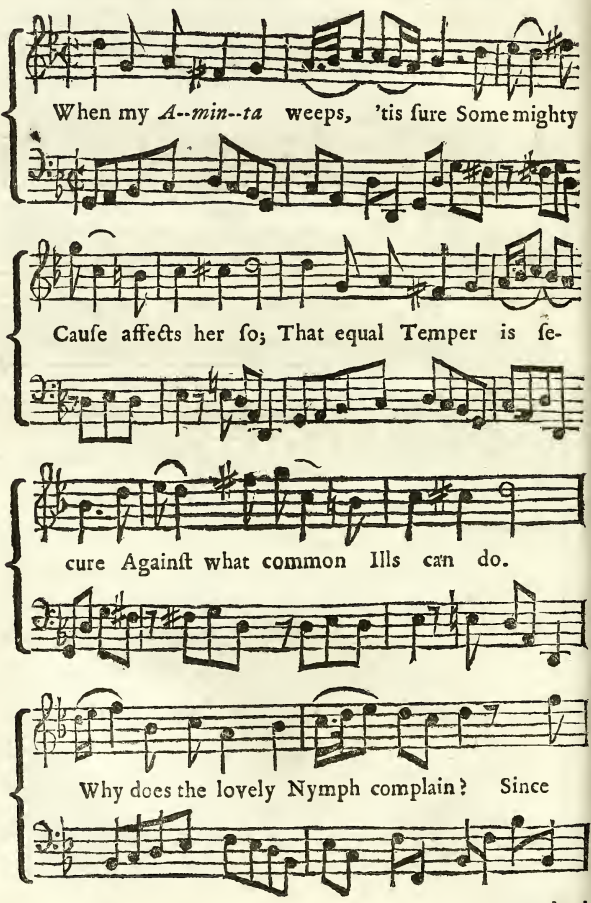
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautiful *Annie*,
And let thy Deſires be all center'd in me;
O! as thou art bony, be faithful and cany,
And love him who's longing to center in thee.

For the FLUTE.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*


When my *A--min--ta* weeps, 'tis ſure Some mighty
Cauſe affects her ſo; That equal Temper is ſe-
cure Againſt what common Ills can do.
Why does the lovely Nymph complain? Since

both

She. *Forgive my Weakneſs, if Concern*
Does in my clouded Face appear:
Too ſoon you may the Cauſe diſcern;
For tender Love is apt to fear.
When to the faithleſs Court you go,
And thouſand dazzling Beauties ſee,
Charm'd with the artificial Show,
You'll ſoon forget your Vows and Me.

He. Bleſt Innocence! my Soul's Delight!
For you, unmov'd, I'd Courts deſpiſe:
Th' alluring Proſpect's not ſo bright,
Nor yields a Luſtre like your Eyes.
May the great Gods confirm my Vow,
And I their utmoſt Vengeance feel,
When at another Shrine I bow,
Or with unhallowed Incenſe kneel!

She. *Then from the Hurry let's retire,*
And quit Ambition for the Grove,
Honour's at beſt a painted Fire,
There is no ſolid Joy, but Love.
Pan *will approve of our Retreat:*
On the ſoft Graſs ſupinely laid,
We'll pity thoſe that dare be Great,
And make a Palace of the Shade.

Chorus of Both.

Far from the Hurry we'll retire, &c.

Deſiring it might Rain to detain his MISTRESS.

To the foregoing Tune.

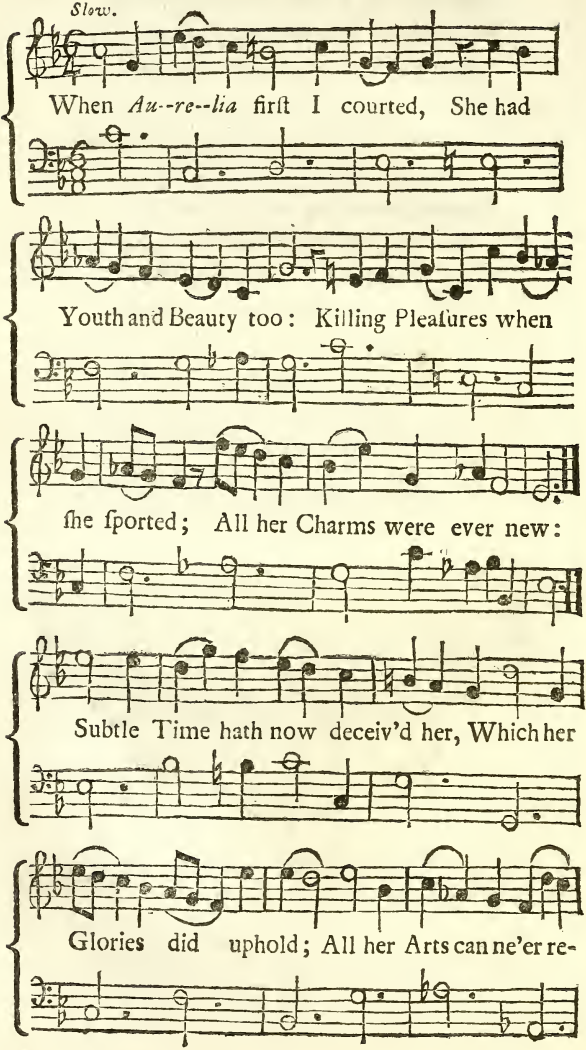
WITH no leſs various Paſſions toſt,
Leander view'd the boiſterous Main;
Each riſing Wind his Wiſhs croſt,
Each ſwelling Wave increas'd his Pain.

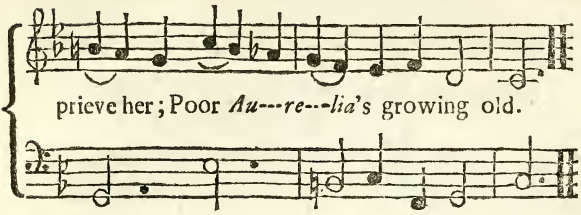
My

My Breaſt a diff'rent Motive fires;
A different Cauſe my Fear alarms;
A Calm cou'd favour his Deſires,
My fiercer Love expects a Storm.

May louring Clouds and heavy Showers
For once relieve a Lover's Care;
Still to protract my happy Hours,
And keep the beauteous *Cloe* here.
Hide, *Phœbus*, thy officious Light;
Let not one croſs intruding Ray
Deprive me of my *Cloe*'s Sight,
And rob us of a brighter Day.

Set by Mr. *DIEUPART.*


Slow.
When *Au--re--lia* firſt I courted, She had
Youth and Beauty too: Killing Pleaſures when
ſhe ſported; All her Charms were ever new:
Subtle Time hath now deceiv'd her, Which her
Glories did uphold; All her Arts can ne'er re-



Thoſe airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And thoſe Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of thoſe abate her Merits:
Yet I've Paſſion for her Name:
Only kind and amorous Spirits
Kindle and maintain a Flame.

For the FLUTE.

In Imitation of the Greek *of* ANTIPHANES.

Set by Mr. *ABIEL WHICHELLO.*

What is there in this fooliſh Life, For which we
vainly hope, That Mortal Wights can
call their own? Riches are on a ſudden flown,
And ev'n our Wives e----lope.

We

We cannot find that ſought-for Stone,
Nor yet Life's grand Elixir;
Beauty is frail; and as for Fame,
She's grown ſo ſlippery a Dame,
No Soul on Earth can fix her.

Health is unwilling long to ſtay,
And Quacks themſelves grow ſick;
Honours but ſmall Diſtinctions make,
What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,
And Nobles run a-tick?

Some tell you, wiſe and virtuous Souls
Have th' only certain Good;
But, ſpite of Philoſophick Rules,
Old Age and Croſſes make us Fools,
Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou ſeeſt the bluſhing Wine
Red ſparkling in thy Hand,
Thou'lt think, at leaſt this Liquor's mine,
Though all the envious Powers combine,
Yet this I dare command.

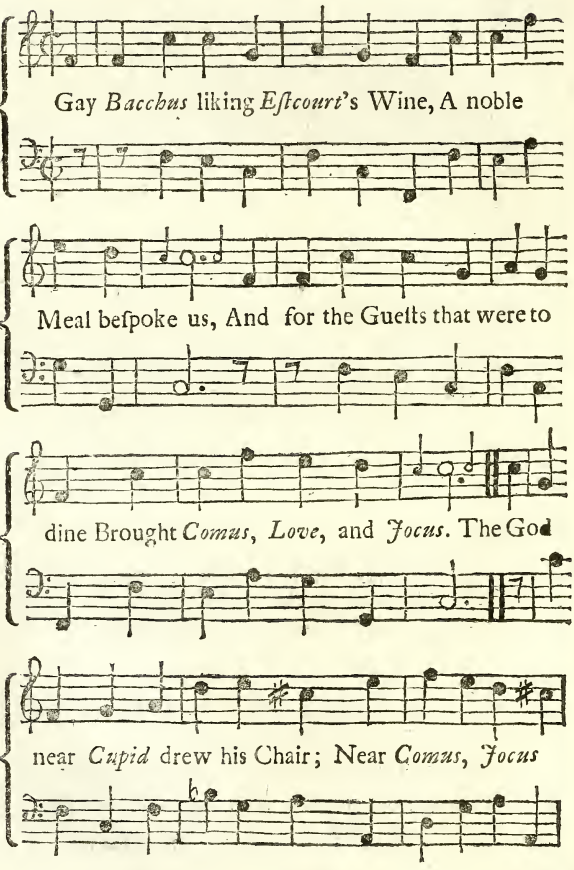
But ah! a thouſand Things fall out,
Betwixt the Lip and Cup;
With Caution put the Glaſs about,
The coming Pledge hangs ſtill in doubt,
'Till you have drank it up.

But when, delicious through the Throat,
We feel the Stream run down,
We've found the mighty Thing we ſought,
That's Ours indeed; that, that dear Draught
We juſtly call *Our own.*

ANACREONTICK.

The Words by Dr. PARNELL.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*


Gay *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt*'s Wine, A noble
Meal beſpoke us, And for the Gueſts that were to
dine Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*. The God
near *Cupid* drew his Chair; Near *Comus*, *Jocus*
plac'd;

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging *Grace*
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.
Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky;
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.
They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And, if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid they did ſo then.

Gay

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits.
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits:
And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*' Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet 'em all at Odds;
And, had I *Homer*'s Pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.
To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the *Furies* Selves been nigh,
They ſtill were Three to Three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Darts to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.
Jocus took *Comus*' roſie Crown,
And gaily wore the Prize,
And thrice, in Mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

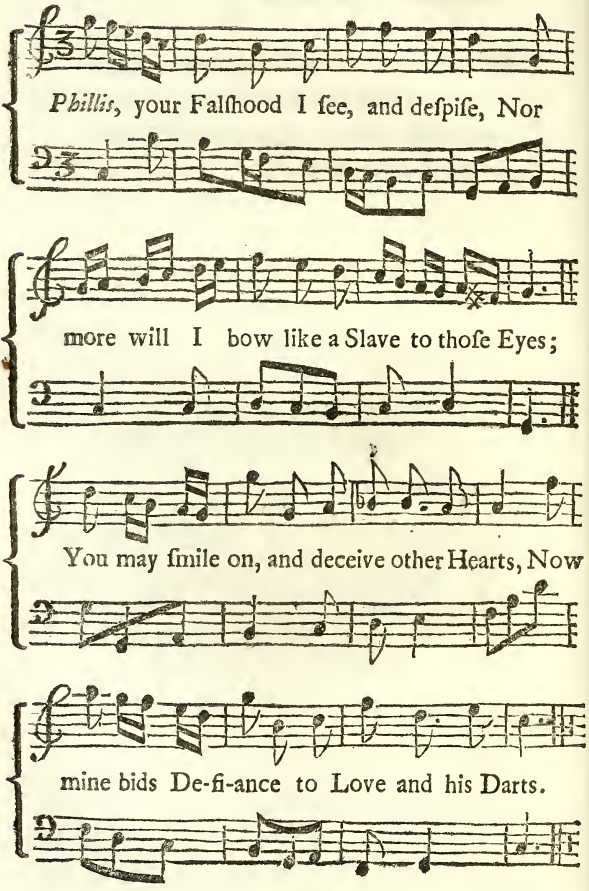
Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline;
And *Venus* cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at Wine.

And *Comus* loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit,
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, ſtill behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They Kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.
But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song;
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

The LOVER RESOLV'D.

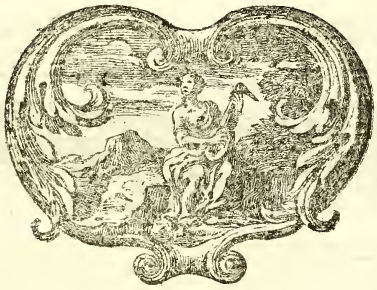
Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*


Phillis, your Falſhood I ſee, and deſpiſe, Nor
more will I bow like a Slave to thoſe Eyes;
You may ſmile on, and deceive other Hearts, Now
mine bids De-fi-ance to Love and his Darts.

Hence

Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God *Mars*,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars;
He ſhall command me, and Fame I'll purſue,
Then farewel, proud Minx, and for ever adieu.

When I return, full of Riches and Fame,
I'll find ſome Girl, that is worthy my Name;
Her will I court, and ſhe ſhall be my Queen,
While thou, like a Fool, dy'ſt with Envy and Spleen.



CORYDON's COMPLAINT.

Tune, Pinkie Houſe. *By* DAVID RIZZIO.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

As Love-ſick *Co-ry-don* beſide A murm'ring
Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd he his *Coſ-me-lia's*
Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a-----way. Fair
Stream (ſaid he) when-e'er you pour Your
Trea-

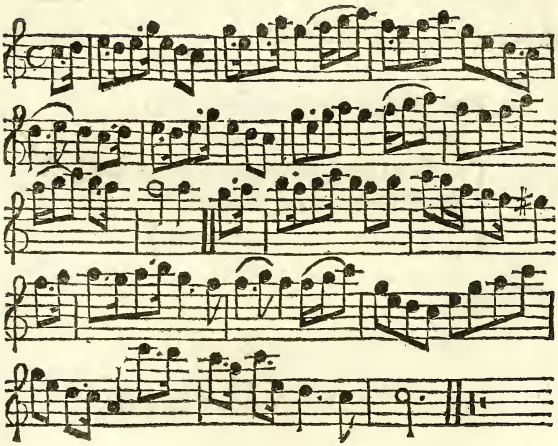
And, ſitting on the cliffy Rocks,
In melting Songs, expreſs,
(While as they comb their golden Locks)
To Trav'llers my Diſtreſs.
Say, *Corydon*, an honeſt Swain!
The fair *Coſmelia* lov'd,
While ſhe, with undeſerv'd Diſdain,
His conſtant Torture prov'd.

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdeſs
More faithfully than He:
Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded leſs
Of Shepherdeſs cou'd be.
How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,
Did He, alas! complain!
How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,
And ſeem'd to ſhare his Pain!

How

How oft, on Banks of ſtately Trees,
And on the tufted Greens,
Ingrav'd he Tales of his Diſeaſe,
And what his Soul ſuſtains!
Yet fruitleſs all his Sorrows prov'd,
And fruitleſs all his Art!
She ſcorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,
And broke, at laſt, his Heart.

For the FLUTE.



A DIALOGUE *between* DAMON *and* CELIMENA.

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

Ce-li-me-na, of my Heart None ſhall e'er be-
reave you; If with your good Leave I
may Quarrel with you once a-day, I will
ne--ver leave you.

CELIMENA.

Paſſion's but an empty Name,
Where Reſpect is wanting:
Damon, you miſtake your Aim,
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you muſt be ranting.

DAMON.

Love as dull and muddy is
As decaying Liquor:
Anger ſets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
'Till it works the quicker.

CELIMENA.

Love by Quarrels to beget
Wiſely you endeavour,
With a grave Phyſician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Put me in a Fever.

DAMON.

Anger rouzes Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,
And is but an eager Bite,
When Deſire at Height is.

CELI-

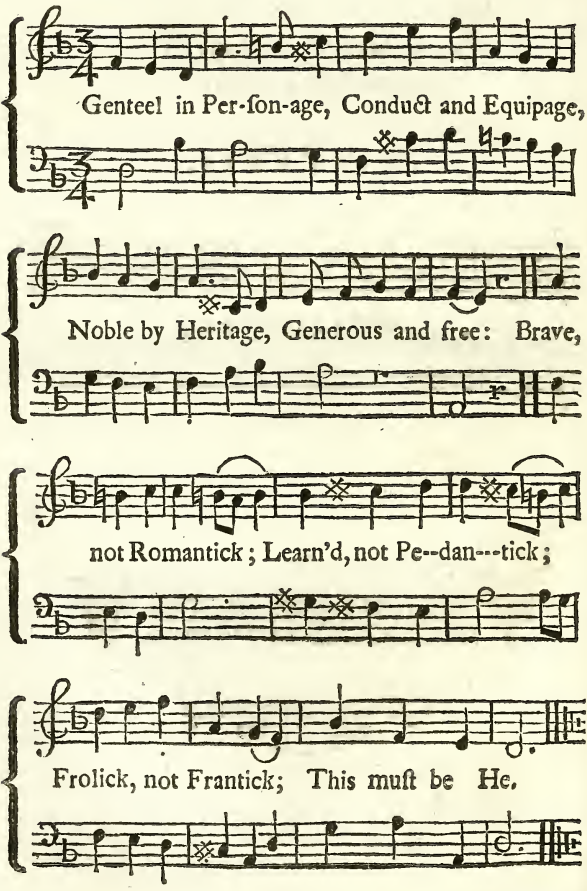
CELIMENA.

If ſuch Drops of Heat can fall
In our wooing Weather,
If ſuch Drops of Heat can fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

For the FLUTE.

The MAID's HUSBAND.

Sung by Miſs RAFTOR *in the* CONTRIVANCES.


Genteel in Per-ſon-age, Conduct and Equipage,
Noble by Heritage, Generous and free: Brave,
not Romantick; Learn'd, not Pe--dan---tick;
Frolick, not Frantick; This muſt be He.

Honour

Honour maintaining,
Meanneſs diſdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and New;
Neat, but not Finical,
Sage, but not Cynical,
Never Tyrannical,
But ever True.

For the FLUTE.

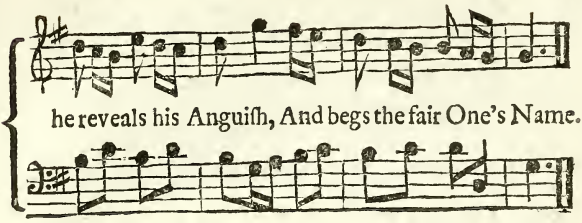
The CHARMING SAILOR.

The Words by a LADY.

The Tune by Mr. CAREY.

Farewel the fatal Pleaſures, The ſhining
Maſquerade, And all the dying Meaſures That
tender Love perſwade: The Notes that ſweetly
languiſh, To aid the Lover's Flame, Whilſt

he



No more you can invite me,
You ſing, alas! in vain;
No Muſick can delight me,
Tho' *Orpheus* play'd again:
A lovely Sailor pleading,
With Wit in every Word,
Both skill'd in Love and Breeding,
Has fix'd my Heart on Board.

In ev'ry Dream appearing,
All Charming, all Divine,
A Manner moſt endearing,
A Voice as ſoft as mine:
His Hands ſo gently preſſing,
As if no Ropes they knew.
What is my Song confeſſing!
It grows a *Billet-doux*.

Some tuneful Voice befriending
The Fondneſs of my Heart,
In mournful Notes deſcending,
My Tenderneſs impart:

Ah! ſure he ſoon will know it,
If Love inſpire his Sight;
Thoſe Eyes that made the Poet,
I fear will gueſs too right.

The INDIFFERENT LOVER.

To the foregoing Tune.

SHOU'D the Nymph I love, diſdain me,
And ſtrive to give Deſpair;
All her Arts ſhall never Pain me,
For I'll ſeek a kinder Fair.
Some think it mighty Treaſure,
A ſtubborn Heart to gain;
But theirs be all the Pleaſure,
For 'tis not worth the Pain.

ADVICE *to a* FRIEND *in* LOVE.

To the foregoing Tune.

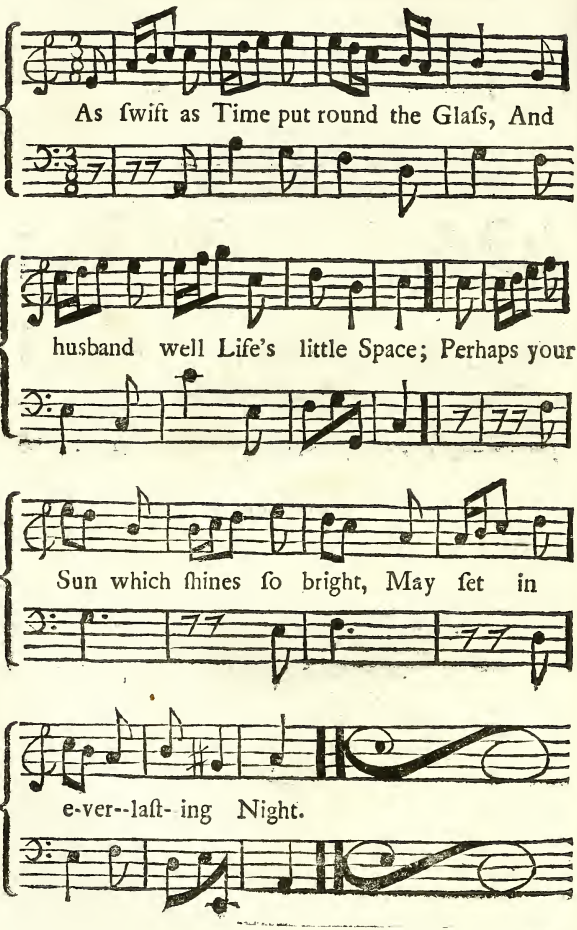
PR'YTHEE, *Billy*,
Ben't ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy Days in Grief:
You ſay, *Betty*
Will not let ye;
But, can Sorrow give Relief?

Leave

Leave Repining,
Ceaſe your Whining,
Pox on Torment, Grief and Woe;
If ſhe's tender,
She'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough----- e'en let her go.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

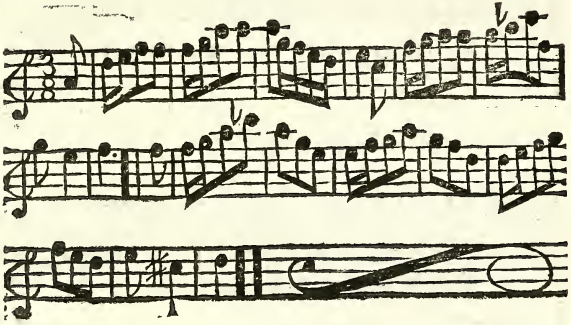

As ſwift as Time put round the Glaſs, And
husband well Life's little Space; Perhaps your
Sun which ſhines ſo bright, May ſet in
e-ver--laſt- ing Night.

Or,

Or if the Sun again ſhou'd riſe,
Death, ere the Morn, may cloſe our Eyes.
Then drink before it be too late,
And ſnatch the preſent Hour from Fate.

Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound.
In theſe alone True Wiſdom lies,
For to be Merry's to be Wiſe.

For the FLUTE.



CHASTE *LUCRETIA*.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Chaſte *Lucretia*, when you left me, You of
all things dear be-----reft me; Tho' I
ſhew'd no Diſ-con-tent: Grief is ſtrongeſt,
And the longeſt, When too great to find a Vent.

How

How much fiercer is the Anguiſh,
When we moſt in ſecret languiſh!
Silent Streams are deepeſt found:
Noiſy Grieving
Is deceiving;
Empty Veſſels make moſt Sound.

Had I Words that could reveal it,
Yet I wiſely would conceal it;
Tho' the Queſtion be but fair:
Grief and Merits,
Love and Spirits,
Always loſe by taking Air.

Guardian Angels ſtill defend you,
And ſurprizing Joys attend you;
Whilſt I'm like the Winter Sun,
Faintly ſhining,
And declining,
'Till thou, charming Spring, return.

For the FLUTE.

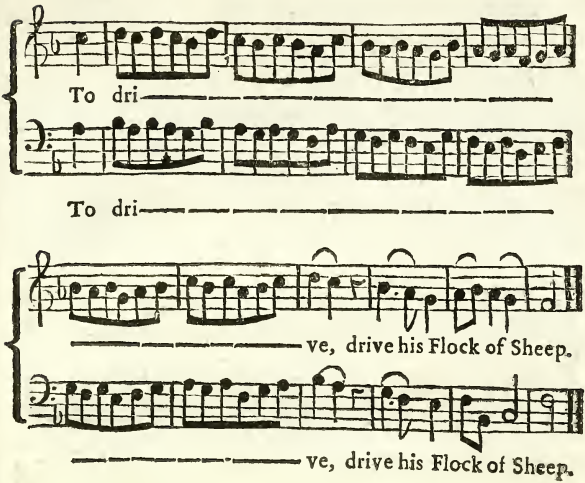
***

DAMON and *CELIA.*

A Two-part Song.

As *Celia* near a Fountain lay, Her Eyelids
As *Celia* near a Fountain lay, Her Eyelids
clos'd with Sleep; The Shepherd *Da---mon*
clos'd with Sleep; The Shepherd *Da---mon*
chanc'd that way To drive his Flock of Sheep;
chanc'd that way To drive his Flock of Sheep;

To



With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace.
And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to ſpeak.
So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilſt ſlumb'ring thus fair *Celia* lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, Come *Thyrſis*, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, &c.

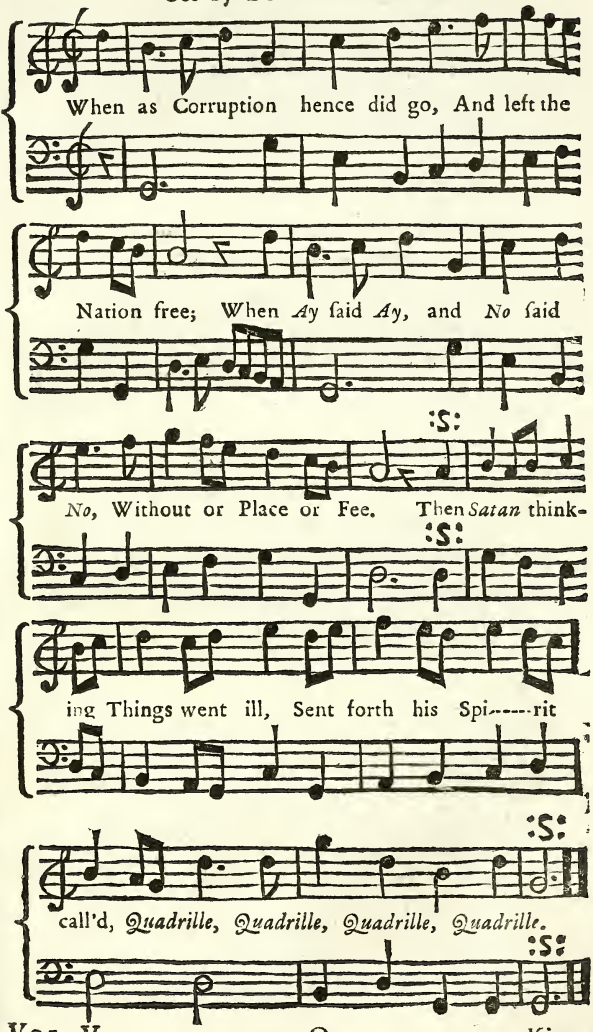
Damon

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms;
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifl'd all her Charms.
And rifl'd, *&c.*

Duetto for FLUTES.

A BALLAD *on* *QUADRILLE.*

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


When as Corruption hence did go, And left the
Nation free; When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said
No, Without or Place or Fee. Then *Satan* think-
ing Things went ill, Sent forth his Spi------rit
call'd, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*, *Quadrille*.

Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore;
His Troops they were with Red and Black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er;
And ev'ry Houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this Imp, *Quadrille*, &c.

Sure Cards he has for every Thing,
Which well *Court-Cards* they name,
And Stateſman-like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game;
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to loſe *Codille*, &c.

When Two and Two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid*'s Books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

The Commoner, the Knight, and Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And well that Duty they fulfil,
While the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

When Patients lie in piteous Caſe,
In comes th' *Apothecary*;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:

The

The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why? The Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muſcovite* grow louder;
Britain, to curb her Neighbours proud,
Wou'd want both Ball and Powder;
Muſt want both Sword and Gun to kill;
For why? The General's at *Quadrille*, &c.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath!)
And made, of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of *Bath:*
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill?
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe*'s Eyes;
'Twas call'd in *Poſt-Boy* and *Gazette*,
The *Quadruple Allies.*
But ſome-body took ſomething ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

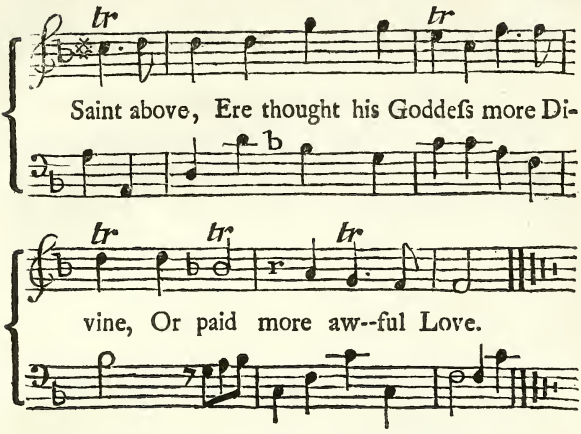
And now, God ſave this noble Realm,
And God ſave eke *Hanover*;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects muſt play at *Quadrille*, &c.

ADVICE *to a* LOVER.

The Words by Mr. YALDEN. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

For many unſucceſsful Years, At *Cynthia's*
Feet I lay; Batt'ring them often with my Tears; I
ſigh'd, but durſt not pray. No proſtrate
Wretch, be--fore the Shrine Of ſome lov'd

Saint

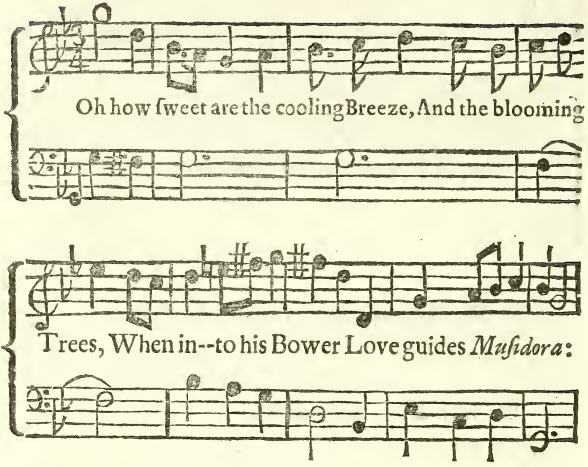


Still the diſdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting Pride;
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aſide.
Then *Cupid* whiſper'd in my Ear,
" Uſe more prevailing Charms;
" You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
" And claſp her in your Arms.

" With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid,
" From *Cynthia*'s Feet depart;
" The Lips he briskly muſt invade,
" That wou'd poſſeſs the Heart.
With that, I ſhook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd;
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave,
What ſhe for Years deny'd.

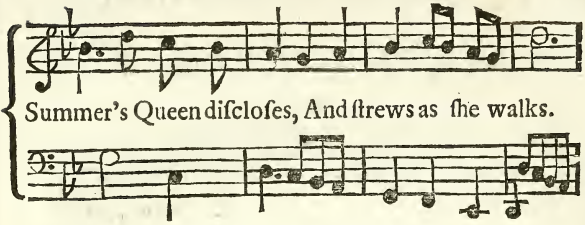
MUSIDORA.

Set by Dr. *CROFT.*

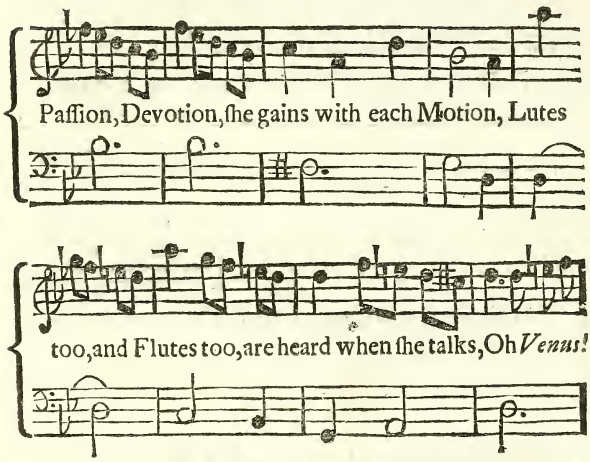


When we meet there, the Nightingales
Sing pretty Tales,
Miſtaking my Dear for their Goddeſs *Aurora*.

Summer's



Oh how ſweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the ſhady Trees,
When into his Bower Love guides *Muſidora*.

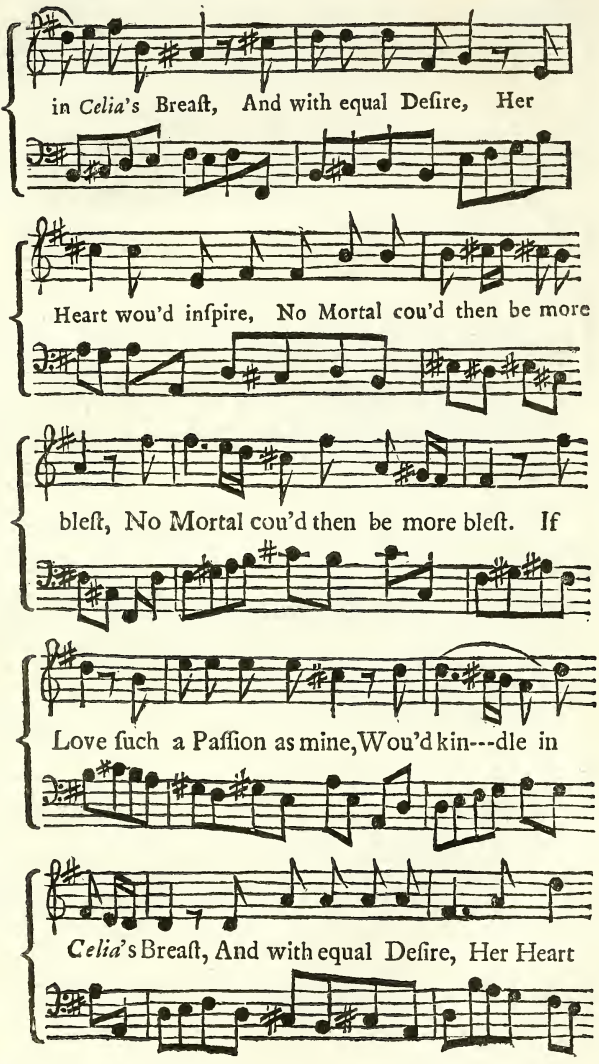


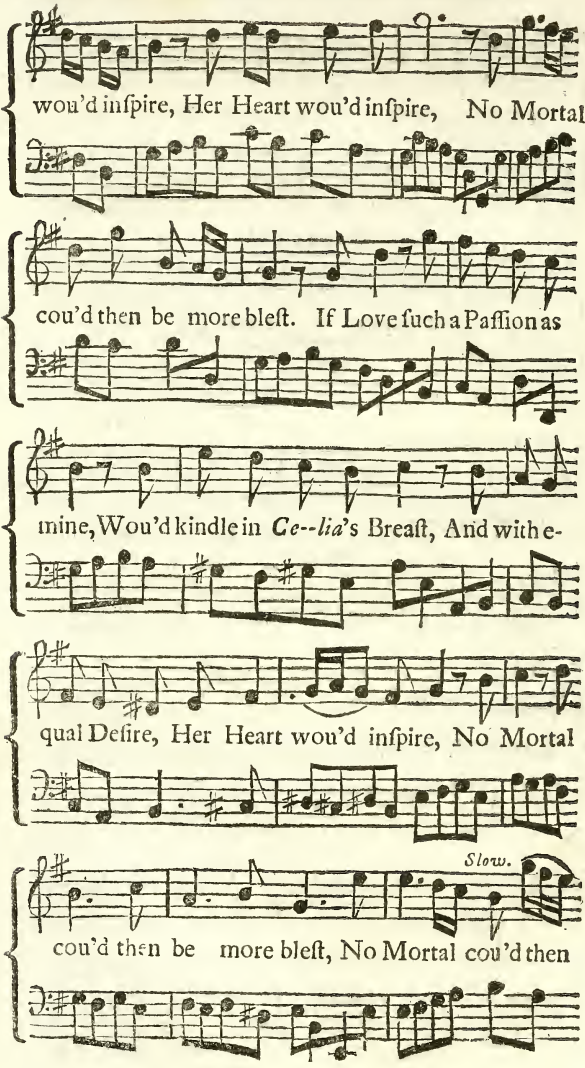
[*End with the Firſt Part.*]

Set by Mr. *DIEUPART.*

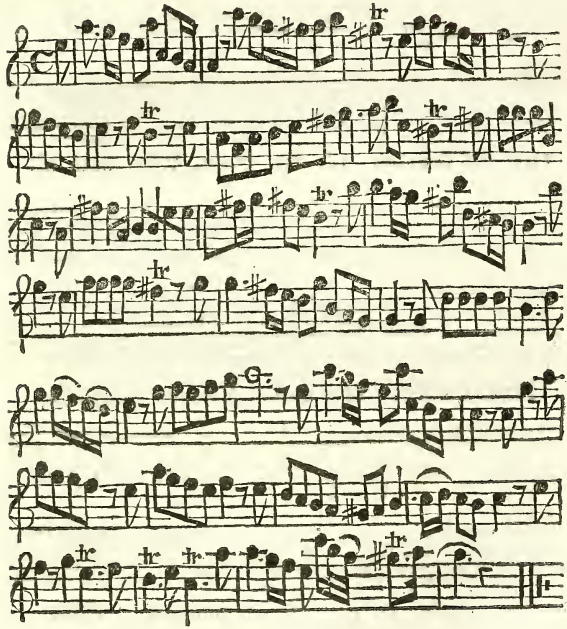
If Love ſuch a
Paſſion as mine, Wou'd kin--dle in *Celia*'s
Breaſt, And with equal Deſire, Her Heart wou'd in-
ſpire, If Love ſuch a Paſſion as mine, Wou'd kindle

in


in *Celia's* Breaſt, And with equal Deſire, Her
Heart wou'd inſpire, No Mortal cou'd then be more
bleſt, No Mortal cou'd then be more bleſt. If
Love ſuch a Paſſion as mine, Wou'd kin---dle in
Celia's Breaſt, And with equal Deſire, Her Heart


wou'd inſpire, Her Heart wou'd inſpire, No Mortal
cou'd then be more bleſt. If Love ſuch a Paſſion as
mine, Wou'd kindle in *Ce--lia*'s Breaſt, And with e-
qual Deſire, Her Heart wou'd inſpire, No Mortal
Slow.
cou'd then be more bleſt, No Mortal cou'd then

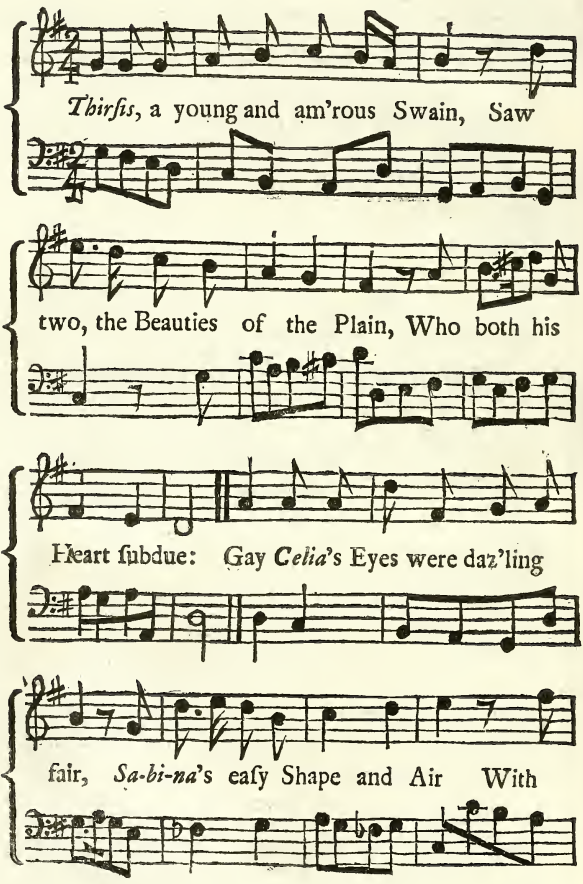
For the FLUTE.



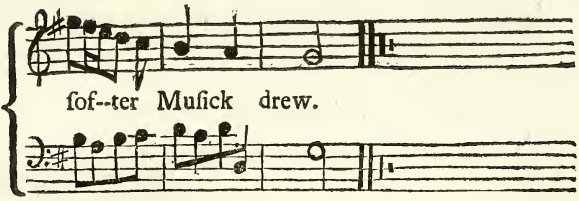
Slow.

The Words by Dr. *PARNELL.*

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.


Thirſis, a young and am'rous Swain, Saw
two, the Beauties of the Plain, Who both his
Heart ſubdue: Gay *Celia*'s Eyes were daz'ling
fair, *Sa-bi-na*'s eaſy Shape and Air With

ſofter



He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And ſeems for each to die;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,
And She *Sabina*'s Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Thoſe Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;
So ſet the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or with a True-love Knot or Name
Engraves a wounded Tree.

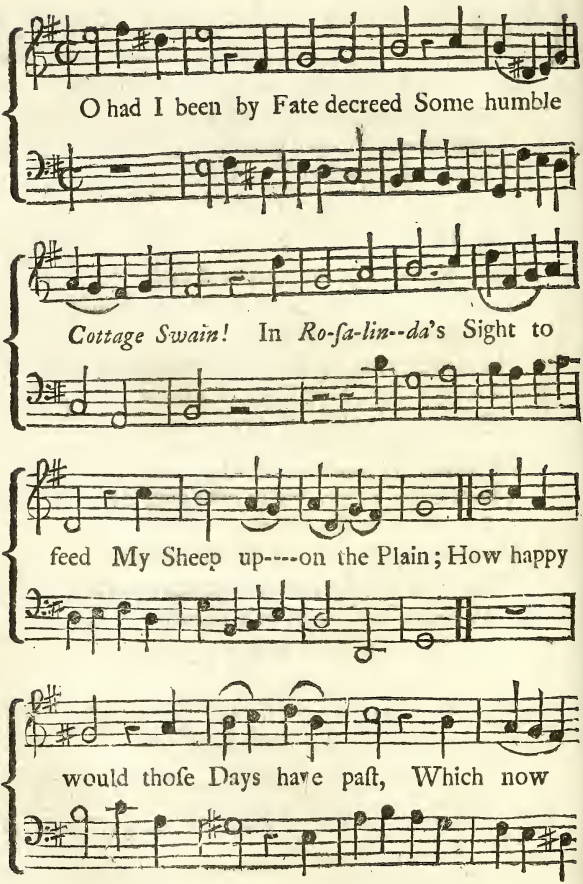
Ah *Celia!* (ſly *Sabina* cry'd)
Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd:
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (ſays *Celia*) ſay no more;
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

For the FLUTE.

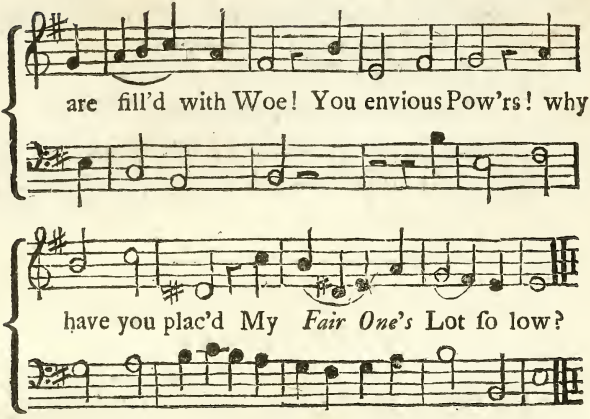
The DIVINE RIGHT *of* BEAUTY.

The Words by Mr. *BAKER.*

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.


O had I been by Fate decreed Some humble
Cottage Swain! In *Ro-ſa-lin--da*'s Sight to
feed My Sheep up----on the Plain; How happy
would thoſe Days have paſt, Which now

are



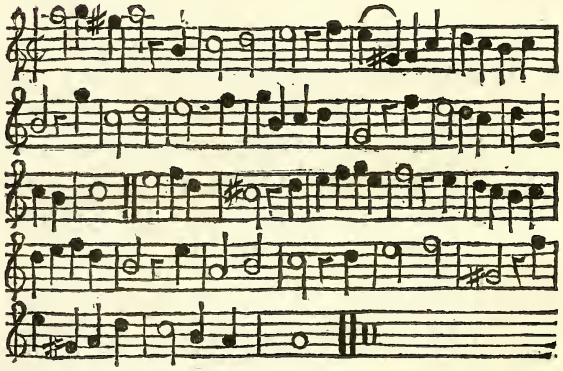
How ſottiſh *Cuſtom* over-rules
The Force of *Nature*'s Law!
Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,
It keeps Mankind in Awe:
Nature to rule the *World* deſign'd
The *Generous* and the *Fair*,
But *Cuſtom* has the Sway confin'd
To ſuch as *Wealthy* are.

Each Charm in *Roſalinda*'s Face
Convincingly declares,
None can, but for the ſecond Place,
Contend, when ſhe appears.
Then 'cauſe blind *Fortune* has not thrown
Her Favours in her way,
Shall I her Sov'reignty diſown,
And ſcruple to obey?

Ah!

Ah! No:---- *Dominion* is her Due,
The Right which *Nature* gave;
Let him who dares diſpute, but view
Her Eyes,---- and be her Slave;
And may the World, convinc'd by me,
Before the *Charmer* fall,
Whoſe *Beauty* makes her fit to be
Acknowledg'd Queen of all.

For the FLUTE.



The End of the Fifth Volume.